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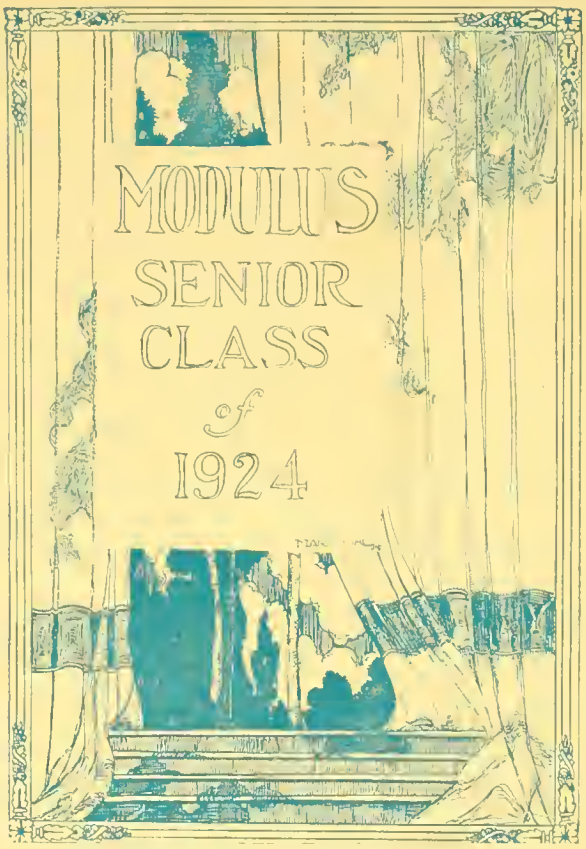

Thirteenth Annual

C. A. Murray

Mary Andrews '25

Dorothy Glenn '25.

Hubert Newell '24

Pete Zahn '25

Lucille Cargill.

Edward Chalbert

Burdick '24

Clarence Rol

'24

Sanders

Sara '25

Ola J. Moore

Hilda Class '25

Dorothy Zahn '25

Mabel Jewett '25

Zelda Gassetto '25

Louise L. Hamer

Elizabeth Hawkins '25

Ola Hodson '24

James Barnhisel

Barney

'25

Kathryn Crosshall

"Kate" '25

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Foreword

We discover, in reviewing the traits of human nature, that the strongest characters are prone to recall the treasured reminiscences of youth and to entertain the fond muse of memory. With this fact before us, we have entered within this volume the material which we believe to be the most valuable to us both now and hereafter.

May the contents be our priceless possession and an inspiration in our struggle up the mountain.---Success.

Dedication

We, the Senior Class of 1924, as an expression of our gratitude for the constant efforts put forth in the promotion of our education previous to and during our high school career, dedicate this volume of the Modulus to our parents.

MERRILL RUBLE
Joint Editor

ERMA BURTON
Joint Editor

NEIL CRULL
Adv. Mgr.

MARY JONES
Art Editor

PAUL MORSE
Business Mgr.

JEANNETTE SALE
Literary Editor

NELLIE HAMMEL
Literary Editor

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Editorial

It is a recognized fact that the boys and girls of today will be the citizens of tomorrow, who will take into their hands the destiny of the nation and the welfare of its people. The country is demanding intelligent men and women to carry out its program for the future. The boys and girls, in turn, are becoming more cognizant of the fact than ever before, and, as a consequence of that realization, Huntington High School boasts larger enrollment each year. Its well organized and practical system of instruction has placed it in a position of paramount importance among the other high schools of the State. This year again the school is turning out a finished product in the shape of Senior Graduates. It is natural for the people of this community to inspect this product with the same cool scrutiny with which they criticize any form of merchandise before purchasing it. In reality they, as taxpayers, have contributed unselfishly to the support of the institution which makes possible this production of young men and women who carry certificates of knowledge bestowed upon them by the high school as an expression of ability and labor on the part of the students. The taxpayers desire equal return for value expended and it is proper that they should do so. Thus, the school might be termed a medium of exchange whereby capital is bartered for intellectual attainment.

It has been the purpose of the Editors to make this thirteenth volume of the Modulus a true reflection of the life and activities of the Huntington High School, whereby all who scrutinize its pages may ascertain its accomplishments and judge it accordingly.

To those who have contributed their time and talent to the creation of this volume, the editors wish to express their sincere appreciation: to Paul Morse, we are indebted for the management of the finances; to Mary Jones, we owe much thanks for her original production in design-work and sketches; to Neil Crull, who secured for us the advertisements of the loyal business men of Huntington, we owe much gratitude; and to the Literary Editors, Jeanette Sale and Nellie Hammel, and all the committees, we wish to express our appreciation.

The Fort Wayne Engraving Company proved to be most helpful in suggesting various features for the annual, as well as satisfactory in furnishing cuts for the volume. The U. B. Publishing Establishment cooperated with us well in the printing, as did the Rickert Studio in photography, and the Molloy Company of Chicago in the production of the covers.

Miss Koch, our class advisor and a member of the faculty, came to our aid many times with cheerful and ready assistance. To her we owe a great portion of our gratitude.

Another school year is ended and the 1924 Modulus is published.

"Opus confectum est."

The Joint-Editors.

WRONG NUMBER

It was a dark and drizzly night when I stepped out of the last performance of "Dipping Down in Sin." I sought the comfort of my twin-six Cadillac parked along the curb, but just as I started to leave the curb, a man hustled up with a cop, saying that I was trying to steal his car. I remembered then that I had left mine at home. I had the wrong number. I was taken around to the station and there I tried to explain, and told them to call 773400 A for identification, which they did. The party answering the phone said that they had never heard of a person by my name. I had given them the wrong number; I never can remember it anyway. They would not listen to my explanations as they thought I was bluffing. They gave me cell 13, wrong number for luck. My father heard of my arrest and bailed me out in the morning.

I hurried home to phone my girl. She had been peeved with me all week and that was the reason I went to the show alone. When I asked her if she loved me she said, "yes" and asked me to call to see her. I left the earth only to come back with a thud. It was the wrong number; I had called the the Old Maids Home. I felt desperately sick so I sat down in a chair to think things over. I was somewhat bilious since I had the wrong number of vitamines for breakfast; my head hurt because of my hat, which was two sizes too small. My feet hurt because my shoes weren't mates; they were the wrong number.

Finally I decided to end my discomforts once and for all. I went down to the hardware store and bought some cartridges for my automatic, but they would not fit, for lo and behold, they were the wrong number. So I went down to the store again and in order to make sure, I got a razor and some rope. When I returned home and attempted to hang myself from the chandelier, the rope broke; it was the wrong number, being too light in weight. I turned to the razor as the final relief, and found that the hardware dealer had given me a safety, as I did not specify the kind. I rushed to the French windows expecting to step out onto the balcony for air, forgetting that some carpenters had removed said balcony the day before. I fell two stories to the ground, breaking my neck. You will probably wonder how I am able to tell this story, yet it is all very simple, I am telling it to you through a spirit medium. The medium may tell you the message is from Heaven. But, no, they have the wrong number.

———————o———————

On a dark and "Willys Knight" a "Pathfinder" set out to locate the "Chevrolet." On this trip he was forced to "Ford" the "Hudson" and "Dodge" "Overland" in his rush to make a "Paige" in history. With a load of "Saxon" he was struck by a "Pierce Arrow" and was knocked "Cole."

———————o———————

Many a man lets rust gather on his brain who wouldn't dream of letting it gather on the radiator of his car.

GOD IN NATURE

By Nellie Hammel

In this world of fuss and hurry,
Let us hesitate;
Just a moment stop our rushing,
Just a moment wait.

God, through nature, speaks, but softly,
Gentle words of love.
He in nature paints the message,
That will lead above.

If we hurry past the sunsets,
Birds and trees and flowers,
We will miss the natural guide posts
To His heavenly bowers.

We will miss His tender blessing,
Miss that which we seek.
For true happiness will be found,
Only when we meet—"God in Nature"

———————o———————

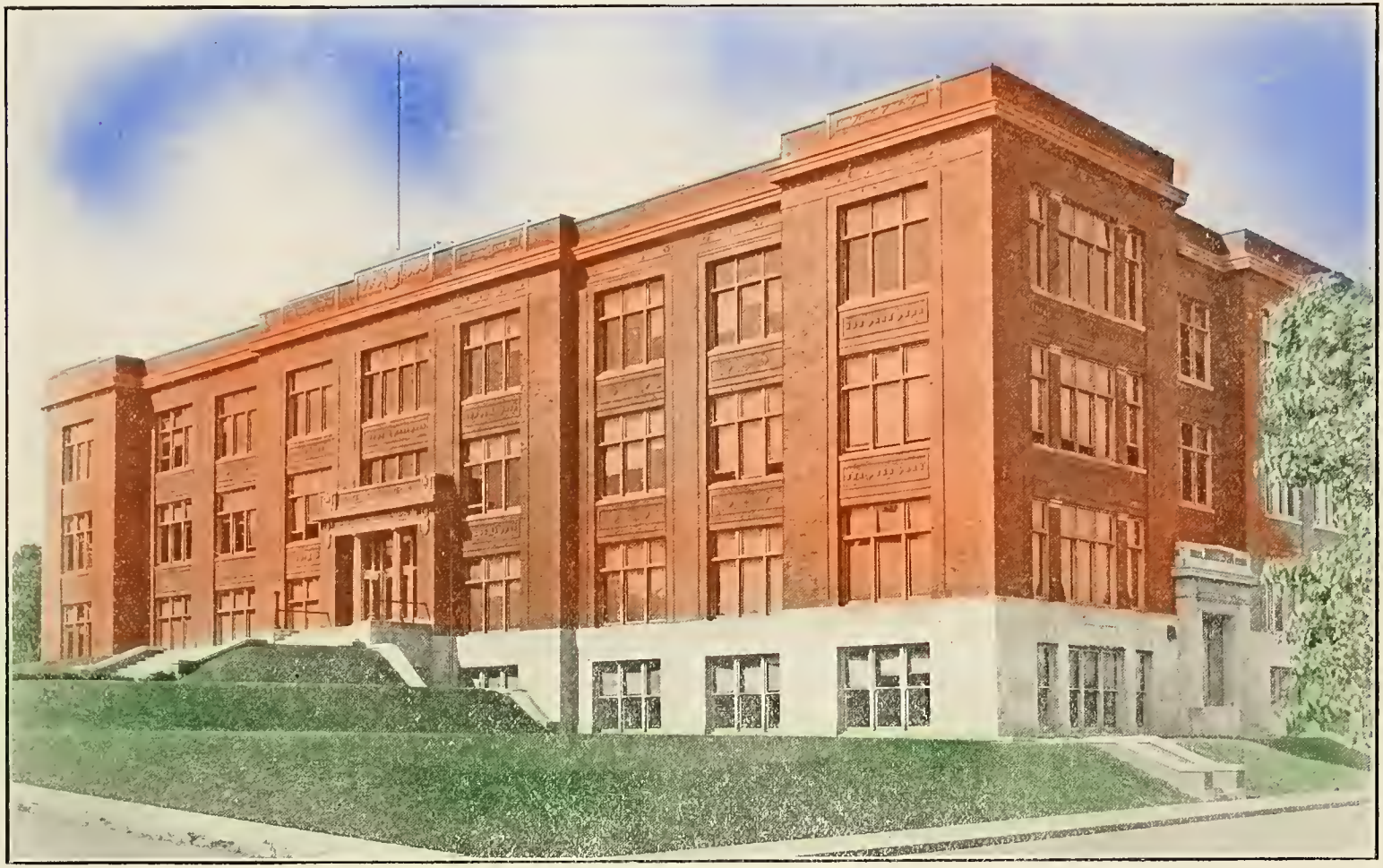
GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

By Mary Harrell

And what is so rare as a garden of flowers,
Borders of phlox and of roses great bowers,
Marigolds, bluebells, petunias in rows,
Nodding their heads where the wild stream flows,
Hollyhocks, jonquils, and all sorts of daisies,
Bowing in the wind as if they were ladies,
Modest violets, bold tulips, and flags,
While behind them the slow aster lags,
Crocuses, hyacinths, ragged robins so blue,
Pinks, lavender, fragrant heliotrope, too,
Zinnias, coxcombs, yellow daffodowndillies,
Tall ladies' fingers, and Easter's white lilies.
There the south wind dwells throughout the day,
Causing the flowers to and fro to sway
Just like the garden of Anne of old,
It holds color, fragrance and beauty untold.

———————o———————

"I draw a line at kissing,"
Said she with accents fine.
He was a football player,
And so he crossed the line.



High School Song

To you, our boys, we'll sing today
Our little song of cheer,
We'll march right on to victory
And make our pathway clear.
Cheering you to win the game,
Come on, and show them how,
So let's put spirit in the fight
And cheer for them right now.

Chorus

Rah, rah, rah, rah-rah, rah rah, rah,
Our cheers for the H. H. S.
It's the one school and it's the dearest
The school we love the best,
So then, let us "pep up"
Come on boys, let's win
For the best, best school in all the nation,
Our cheers for the H. H. S.

II

Let us be loyal sons and true
And triumph in life's game,
Uphold the fame of H. H. S.—
Add glory to her name.
When wider fields present their view
And harder tasks appear,
Let "Red and Black" shine forth anew,
Our happy course to steer.

III

We stand for knowledge, truth and power.
Her glorious name to bless;
May no dark stain not for an hour,
Make her great honor less.
May noble sons and daughters true
Make history's pages shine,
And "Red and Black" in brightest hue
With memory intertwine.

HOW A SENIOR GAINED HIS INSPIRATION

By Neil Crull

The Senior has a right to hold up his head and look down on his fellow students of lower standing. After successfully weathering three years of snow, rain and storms, does he not deserve some credit for still existing?

Take the case, for example, of Friedman Crisco. In his Freshman year he lived a life of ease, doing but little studying outside of school. In his Sophomore year, while trying to beat Caesar in his progress through Gaul, he found out that his little first year Latin grammar should have been in use every night instead of being left in his locker. Finding that Caesar was giving him a merry race, still going strong while he was weakening, he decided to resort to other means. So, accordingly, he wrote to Sears, Roebuck & Company, inclosing a money order for some small amount, asking their assistance in his great struggle for success by sending him their largest and easiest riding pony for swift traveling through Gaul. Not being an expert at handling ponies, he had many falls and made many miserable mistakes but in the end he outrode Caesar, and Nellie passed him as one of her greatest students. It had been hard work to keep such a brilliant pony a secret, but he trained it hard and passed all inspection.

Friedman, while in his Senior year, realized how mixed up the modern ponies were, so he set to work on his masterpiece and today, in any bookstore, you can find Friedman Crisco's Translations of Caesar's Gallic Wars. Upon looking in magazines for an advertisement for this great book you will find his trade mark, "Crisco's makes the translations of Caesar as slick as grease."

If you look into almost any Sophomore's locker you are almost sure to find one of these great books and it has been rumored that the Huntington Press is going to give each and every person one of Crisco's masterpieces for obtaining only three new yearly subscriptions to the said newspaper. Sophomores, wake up! This is a chance of a lifetime. Get busy now!

———o———

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD

Backward, turn backward, Oh time in thy flight; feed me on gruel again just for tonight. I am so weary of sole leather steak, petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake; oysters that slept in a watery bath, butter as strong as Goliath of Gath. Weary paying for what I don't eat, chewing up rubber and calling it meat. Backward, turn backward, for weary I am; give me a whack at my grandmother's jam; let me drink milk that has never been skimmed, let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed. Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie, and then I'll be ready to turn up and die.

———o———

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM OF A GEOMETRY STUDENT

I have a study in which I shall not pass,
It maketh me to expose my ignorance before the class;
It maketh me, to draw figures on the board for my grade's sake;
Yea, though I study until midnight I shall gain no Geometry,
For X's bother me and AB's sorely trouble me.
It prepareth puzzles for me in the presence of my classmates;
Surely zeros and conditions will follow me all the days of my life,
And I shall dwell in the class of Geometry forever.

ESSAY ON THE AMERICAN STUDENT

By Erma Burton

For too many years the American people have been content with the education which they have been offering to their children, and have not realized its deficiencies. Indeed, they have thought that our system of public training was superior to that of Europe and hence, needed no readjustment.

But now, we are beginning to awake to the real needs as a result of the severe criticisms broadcast from Europeans, and we no longer look upon the foreign statements as being mere criticisms produced in jealous minds but as suggestions, which in many cases, would be of great constructive value if applied to our educational system. Yet we do not say that there are not hundreds of misstatements made about us nor a total lack of jealousy and rivalry among our European neighbors. We know that the youth of America is an easy prey for those foreigners who have for their sole purpose the finding of all the fallacies possible in our students to the exclusion of any commendable features. But this severe criticism is given by a few only, and a fairer decision and authority rests in the reports of various Europeans who have entertained as guests or watched as scholars the American students who have toured the major countries of Europe for educational purposes. The people of those nations who are thrown into direct contact with and who make acquaintance with these youths, unconsciously submit their criticisms to American investigators and, as a rule, the reports are favorable.

Only recently did such a band of college graduates enjoy a tour of Europe and an American correspondent in that great division of the world reports the general conclusion of the people concerning them in an article in the "Outlook" entitled "The American Student Abroad." Primarily he mentions their natural revelation of the true American spirit of "I want to know." "But," he states further, "I noted as well their superior qualities of manner and deportment. They were not noisy, boisterous, or bumptious. They had a quiet serenity almost beyond their years. Their habits were really austere; not one of them gave the impression of not having been well brought up. In speech they were simple, sincere, frank. They constitute the kind of virgin soil in which good or bad seed quickly sprouts." In other portions of the article the author states that they were hospitably received everywhere, which opened the way for propaganda of all sorts and made them an easy prey for the disseminators of false reports. In all, he says, the students were appreciative and displayed a desire for truth.

This summary of the natural characteristics of our students we accept most gladly, believing it to be a report of the true type of high American moral and scholastic standards, and hoping that our youths might always inspire the same hospitality and favor.

At the same time the impression made by our students abroad is quite different from that contracted and expressed by a few Europeans who have visited in this country. The latter impression invariably reveals

a weakness in our plan of education. Rev. A. H. Gray of Scotland who has been a worker in the Y. M. C. A. in this country for some time, was asked to give his impression of the American student as he saw him. He did so and a part of his opinion was published in a current magazine. We may accept his statements as being general and unstudied, since he devoted little time to the study of the situation but merely gave his candid opinion. It is well, however, to weigh the impartial criticisms and, with those as a key, discover where our discrepancies lie.

The one big startling statement which has aroused the indignation of many patriotic American students is that they are intellectually docile, suffering from a strange paralysis of the will, and that a great number of them will become later on "the victims of mere fashion and the dupes of popular orators." We hesitate to accept the stirring criticism and decline to receive it as a general statement, but we know that this summary is embarrassingly true in many cases. Then the question arises, whose fault is it? Is the boy or girl naturally inferior in intellect and will to the European youth who is credited as being intellectually rebellious? Has the general American home-life been too lenient to promote deeper reasoning, or the nation too progressive to produce an intellectual independence in its youths? We cannot see it thus, and these reasons have not been given by Rev. Gray, but he attacks the educational system itself which we have always prized so highly, only to find it torn to shreds by the onlookers of Europe. The colleges, we believe, contrary to the statement of Dr. Gray, are well controlled and governed, and with such a large number of institutions and pupils as are found in the United States, better system of management could hardly be hoped for. We do agree, however, that there is too much of a paternalism of the faculty over the students and that the pupils as a whole look upon the opinions of their respective instructors as being indisputable. Thus the true purpose of a teacher, which is to be a challenger and promoter of thought, not merely a source of information, has been modified in America and the psychology of the student's mind overlooked by the faculty. Too often the teachers fear to provoke the original ideas of the pupils, due to the partial belief of the superior authority of some narrow regulation of the school. The word "education" is derived from the Latin word "educo," meaning to draw from. Hence, education is not the filling of the mind but the withdrawal of the latent forces endowed by nature. The opinion of our foremost educators and critics is that this principle is overlooked in normal training, and the false basis of education has developed to a degree in which it is harmful to the students. But we will not accept the criticism that the will of an American boy or girl is inferior to that of a European of the same age. We need but reverse the criticism of American intellectual docility to state that where the European student possesses a rebellious intellect and independent mind, he lacks the American freedom of nature, physical fitness, and frankness of speech, and that where the European is developed intellectually, the American possesses in addition a social and physical development as well,

proving the character of the American student to be advanced farther in the plan of a four-fold life than the European scholar. And thus, while we are unmercifully criticized for the deficiencies which we suffer, we are waiting for the critics to unveil to us the European country wherein the students have a more sincere and affectionate disposition, a more honorable character, and a greater religious, civic, and political freedom than the youthful citizens of the United States of America enjoy.

—o—

THE HUT IN THE HOLLOW

By Orvilla Kruse

Patty Jane slumped into a disconsolate little heap beside a large pillar which helped to uphold the roof of the porch. She placed her elbows on her knees, rested her quivering chin in her cupped hands, and although her snow-white forehead was marred by a distracting wrinkle, she presented a beautiful picture in a beautiful setting.

Her golden hair was bobbed, the curly ringlets an unruly mass of wealth; her full, red lips were slightly parted, disclosing even rows of dazzling pearls; and her hazel eyes were opened wide, gazing unseeingly into space.

Behind her, on the large, roomy porch, was every luxurious convenience; before her the green grass was as beautiful as a carpet of velvet; while all about the great mansion bloomed flowers.

What if the birds did sing and roses perfume the air?

All the sunshine of her life was now transformed by a blow as sudden as a shaft of forked lightning.

"They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place," she cried impetuously, "But it's not so! First my own lovely mother and daddy were taken from me by that dreadful automobile wreck ten long years ago. Now my poor, dear Don has so mysteriously disappeared and I shall probably never see him again."

"Now Honeychile, don'fret, case yo' mammy'll try and help yo' ef she can," crooned Mammy Lou, suddenly emerging from the hallway.

Her head was turbaned by a large, red, cotton bandanna handkerchief and her shiny visage expressed great concern and love for her adorable mistress.

"Mistah Waldon dest telephoned an' sed ter ax yo' ef yo' all won't come on a fox-hunt." She had discreetly changed the subject.

Patty Jane slowly rose to her feet and sighed, then replied, "As it is, I'll have to go, for to refuse even once more would show discourtesy on my part" and with that she followed her loyal servant into her home.

A half of an hour later she again made her appearance, wearing an expensive brown riding habit, and as she walked down the stately steps she abstractedly drew on her gloves.

The stable boy now came into view, leading a beautiful horse, whose glossy, brown coat glistened in the sunlight. The saddle upon its back was the best to be purchased, and "Pepper" whinnied for joy as he cantered up to his owner.

Patty Jane fondly stroked the beautifully arched neck of her mount, then swung lightly upon its back and waved farewell to Mammy Lou as she left the grounds.

She was to meet her Uncle Waldon at the "Bounce Inn," five miles away, and as it was rather late she lightly touched her horse and galloped on, but later, seeing that she would arrive soon enough, she allowed her horse to slow down to a canter and finally to a walk.

She had covered about half the distance when she suddenly came upon a purple envelope, lying face-downward in the middle of the road. Slipping from her horse she stooped to pick it up, but as she knelt down, she was seized and after having her arms pinioned behind her, then was jerked to her feet.

A large, husky man, bearded and unkempt, turned her face toward him and in his narrow eyes gleamed spite and cunning.

"Well, Lillian," he exclaimed in a gruff voice, "now I guess you'll come with us! Here, Hadley!"

A second man, smaller but as shabby as his comrade, stepped from a clump of bushes, and grinned disconcertingly at the bewildered captive. He whistled three high, clear, staccato notes, then waited in silence, and soon a creamy-white and a coal-black horse crashed through the undergrowth.

Patty Jane sharply drew her breath. So this was the fate of her newly purchased steeds! To be certain she again regarded the animals, only to find that "Foam" and "Scooter" were most assuredly these two beautiful creatures before her.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm sure that you are quite mistaken," she murmured, "I am ————"

"Yes, you are Lillian Maxwell," snarled the taller one, "You got away with our pay once, now you'll come across."

Loosening a coil of rope, which hung to "Foam's" saddle he quickly and securely bound her arms behind her. Now he lifted her to her horse; the men mounted the other two, and with Hadley leading "Pepper," they trailed down a narrow lane in single file.

Patty Jane pondered for a moment in wild despair. Should she remonstrate or should she allow things to remain as they were, for the present? She decided on the latter, for upon second reflection she saw the uselessness of trying to escape. Besides being bound, she was between the horses of the two men, so she maintained a silence which remained unbroken.

Swerving suddenly to the right she soon saw a tiny hut loom before her. Upon reaching it she was rudely helped from her horse, the three animals were tied to the trunks of some trees, and the two men hurried her into the log cabin.

The room in which Patty Jane found herself was simply furnished with a small table, four chairs, and a rocker. A box, standing in one corner of the room, evidently served as a cupboard, while at the farthest side was a large, stone fireplace.

Singular, however, were the decorations. Upon each of the chairs were pruple cushions, at the two windows hung purple curtains, and the material drawn before the opening of the cupboard was also purple. Even the tiny woven rug before the fireplace was carried out in the predominating color-scheme.

"Suit you?" queried the tall one maliciously. "Knew that purple letter 'ud ketch yer eye, and a right good reason it should, eh?" Patty Jane shrunk from his taunting presence with abhorrence. She could not hope to be rescued, for the road was lonely, and it was very unlikely that anyone should choose that one trail from all the rest, yet she lived in that hope.

"Well, ye'll have time to git used to it," he continued as he crossed the room and opened one of two doors which led from the main quarter. "Make yersel' t'home," he mocked, as he motioned for the girl to enter, to which she complied, then heard the heavy bolt shot into place.

Sinking down upon the cot she pondered over the situation. How could she make them see their mistake? What could she do? She looked about her.

The same color-scheme was prominent here as it was in the other room. What could the significance be? Only one open space supplied ventilation and that was near the roof.

Soon Hadley appeared with a plate of beans, a chunk of dry bread, and a glass of cold spring water. He eyed her in amusement for a moment, then freed her and invited her to partake of the food which he had placed upon the camp-stool.

Patty Jane remained motionless until he made his departure, then ruefully plunged her hands in the pockets of her coat. In her right pocket she felt a hard metallic something which she eagerly pulled out.

Her eyes lighted with pleasure as she saw, lying in the palm of her hand, her own tiny pearl handled revolver. She quickly examined it but found to her dismay that only one shot was left. She remembered that but a few days ago she had been wasting her ammunition as she prowled through the woods near her home, but yet it gave her a comforting sense of protection, at least.

After an hour had elapsed she heard the men leaving, the gruff voice of the tall one, boisterous and commanding, while that of Hadley was scarcely ever heard.

Just his tool," thought Patty Jane as she listened. "What can their little game be?"

She had decided to watch them. Pushing the cot beneath the window she placed the chair and box upon it and climbing to the top of this she found that she was just high enough to peep through the iron bars.

The men strode boldly forward, Hadley following the other one until they came to a large tree. Standing motionless for a second they scanned the surrounding territory. To escape observation she quickly stooped down, but when she again sought to spy, she found to her disgust that they had been swallowed alive by the earth.

Still she continued to watch and was soon rewarded for her vigilance by the sudden appearance of Hadley from behind the giant oak.

He hurried to the hut and soon returned to the place from which he had emerged, carrying with him some food.

With that the mystery deepened and Patty deliberately got down from her look-out and carefully replaced the furnishings of the room, then threw herself upon the cot, falling asleep from utter weariness.

The next morning when she awakened, the sun was already high in the sky. Tiptoeing silently to the door she paused and listened, then softly pushed it. It gave way! Patty Jane cast a hurried and anxious look about the room, then, emboldened by its reassuring sight she closed the door to her room.

Cautiously she crept to the door of the other chamber. Holding her pistol in her hand, she pulled the door open. The vile fumes of a strong alcoholic drink enveloped and nearly suffocated her.

The two men were lying upon the floor in a drunken stupor. Disdainfully she regarded them, then quickly stooped and feeling in the taller one's pockets she rejoiced in finding a small number of keys on a ring. She immediately withdrew and in her turn locked her captors in their room.

Patty Jane, proud of her good-luck had one other great desire. This was to solve the mystery of the great oak.

Dashing excitedly from the hut she quickly made her way toward the spot. The tree was immense! On the side, which had been hidden from view the day before, she had discovered that it was hollow. Maybe they kept some papers hidden there! Peering nervously inside she was astonished to see that someone had dug through it. A rope ladder hung inside. Quickly she let it down and descended. She soon came to the bottom and found another surprise awaiting her. A tunnel gaped before her, dark and uninviting. She could not see ahead but crept along on her hands and feet, groping blindly onward. Finally, as she rounded a bend she stumbled over a huddled figure. It was some lighter here, and she noticed that she was in a sort of rudely constructed underground shanty.

"Patty Jane!" cried Don, as he sprang to his feet and gathered his darling in his arms.

"Don dear!" she murmured brokenly. How——Why——Oh, dear, what does this mean?"

Don shrugged his shoulders after a foolish fashion, then began, "I was coming to see you, and as you know it is quite a way, so I stopped and left the highway to take a short cut. Well, during the storm I came upon the hut. No one was there and I found this book as I prowled about. It is Jordan's diary and in it, please excuse me if I hurt you, but I think you'd like to know, an account is given of wrecking some cars, at the time of your father's and mother's death." He paused and held her a little closer, and her head dropped down upon his breast.

He was wonderfully handsome. His head was bent, his black hair forming a striking contrast beside her golden head and in his dark eyes

(Continued on Page 120)

Administration

AUTOGRAPHS

J. M. SCUDDER
Superintendent

METTA M. LEEDY
Secretary

WANETA CLARK
Secretary

CHAS. E. BYERS
Principal

The victory of human intelligence depends upon one's power to concentrate.

McCABE DAY
English

Do your duty and a little more.

LELA M. POINIER
History

Cora D. Altman
English

There is but one failure, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.

WENDALL H. KINSEY
Science and History

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.

ANNE H. KOCH
French

Happiness was made to be shared.

No man is a free man who has vice for his master.

ALBERT W. SUTER
Chemistry

E. E. FRANTZ
Biology

"Progress, the onward stride of God."

RUTH MANN
Mech. Drawing

Never leave that until tomorrow which you can do today.

"Let us be inflexible, and Fortune will at last change in our favour."

HELEN K. SAYLER
English

It is a poor heart that never rejoices.

F. C. MAHONEY
Metal Director

J. E. MICHAEL
Woodwork Director

Manners are the happy way of doing things.

RUBY J. ETTER
Latin

"—Wisely improve the present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

MURIEL WEBB McCRUM
Mathematics

Only game fish can swim up-stream.

Lost time is never found again and time enough proves little enough.

CARRIE H. TEMPLETON
Mathematics

HAZEL CAGE
English

"Beautiful things ennoble and refine the character."

Be not simply good, be good for something.

LOUISE EWING
Commerce

System is the keynote to success.

The world is given as a prize for the man in earnest.

CLARENCE B. STEMEN
Science

FLORENCE WEIFORD
Librarian

MINNIE HOFFMAN
Mathematics

W. A. SHOCK
Vocational Director

The bravest man is the one that never swerves from the path of duty.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun, views from thy hand no worthy action done."

MARGARET BURNSIDE
Physical Training

Give Nature her chance.

It pays to render more and better service than one is paid to render.

ALICE KLINE
Home Economics

VIVIAN S. BRANYAN
Music

There can be no expression without impression.

He serves all who dares be true.

C. A. MURRAY
Commerce

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to seem.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man—
Great souls are portions of eternity.

ELLA J. MOORE
English

EMMA F. KLINE
Vocational Director

NORMA NAGEL
Assistant to Nurse and Attendance Officer

ROSE DUNATHAN
Latin

Non scholæ, sed vitæ discimus.

We learn not for school but for life.

Life is the preface to eternity.

ALICE JEAN GRAY
Art

By all means use some times to be alone—
Salute thyself—see what thy soul doth wear.

What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

LOUISE HAMER
Typewriting

CLEONE BLOOM
Home Economics

He is a freeman whom the truth makes free.

"In the bright lexicon of youth, there's no such word as fail."

JOSEPHINE COX
History

MRS. B. C. SAYLE
School Nurse

MRS. BESSIE POTTS
Truant Officer

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.

Be to the best thou knowest ever true.

Board of Education

THAD CLARK
President

JEROME BAKER
Secretary

WILLIAM ALLEN
Treasurer

THE FACULTY AS SEEN THROUGH THE VEIL OF TIME

Memory of days gone by, together with a longing to breathe again the air of the cherished H. H. S., took me back to the corridors of that beautiful building.

There in all its grandeur, it nursed the cause of education under the protection of the wings of morality and justice.

It was with a sigh of relief that I made my way into that stately mansion. How changed everything was! It was my fortune to make my appearance in the midst of the vast throng treading quietly through the halls during the fifteen-minute intermission between classes.

Upon arriving on the second floor I saw a short, stout man busily directing the traffic on the main floor. The halls were divided into two parts by long railings for the purpose of separating the industrious students from the ambitious, the ratio being 3 to 5. I was inforemed by a well posted Freshman that the man was the former principal, Mr. Byers, who, having resigned his position, was busying himself with maintaining order under the title of sergeant-at-arms.

A great crowd of students assembled at the doors of the auditorium as was the daily custom. Forcing my way in, I found a comfortable seat in the front row. A tall reserved gentleman walked leisurely down the aisle to the stage and began expostulating about the students not complying with laws. I leaned forward and asked Miss Cox, the orchestra director, who he was, and in the same dignified way she informed me that he was the principal, Mr. Kinsey. I concluded that by leaps and bounds he had gained the ardent admiration of the faculty, students, and patrons through the Basket Ball World and had retired to this position.

He introduced the speaker of the afternoon as Mrs. Carrie Templeton, Superintendent of the Young Peoples' Division of the National Hookey Players' Society, whose topic for discussion was "Why I Believe Students in High School Should Play Hookey At Least Once a Week." In her speech she said that the Seniors grow weary and need rest, due to their being sensitive and too timid to ask permission to rest. They should attend one good matinee each week without being questioned as to their whereabouts. I sighed, wishing that she might have wielded an influence over the faculty before '24 made its exit.

The orchestra harmoniously rendered "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," and a duet was sung to that old familiar strain by the two choristers, Mr. Michael and Miss Hoffman.

A pep meeting was then held, over which Miss Etter presided, assisted by Mr. Murray. They filled the place held by Glenn, Payne and Yergens in '24 and the response was as the tinkling of a cowbell in the icy ear of night, a whisper to the longing.

The meeting closed by all singing "Auld Lang Syne."

I took the elevator to the third floor that I might see the Chemistry sharks in session. To my surprise Miss Dunathan was conducting the classes and delivering a speech on the same old topic of chewing gum,

but encouraging all students to buy some from Mr. Frantz, who sold refreshments between periods, such as Eskimo Pies, popcorn, Henry's, and pop. The students were trying to find the constituents of water and I was the recipient of the knowledge that water is made up of H20 from the shark of the class, who disvovered it one day when a test-tube rose to the ceiling and descended upon her head.

All students made E. Hail to Suter! He did too, for he and Louise Ewing had turned their eyes upon a beautiful bungalow and the result was—they both paid 50% of the cost and their days of single bliss were o'er. However, Albert has discovered that a blow on the head is composed of a fair lady's hand and a rollin' pin.

The type-writing class was instructed by Miss Emma Kline, who taught the value of typing love letters. All letters of amorous sentiment were written here. Her sister, the fair Miss Alice, was instructor in voice culture and spent her spare time singing "I Love You Truly" to "him" in a far-away country across the sea. Just who he is, I could not learn.

Miss Hamer, at the head of the Bureau of Information, gave me the honor of reading a letter from Peking, China, from my old debating coach. The contents of the letter were as follows:

"We arrived safely, had rice for dinner, spent the afternoon playing on a harp. Edna sends her best wishes. Fluffy (our dog) died soon after arriving.

Hope you are the same.

McCabe."

I found Miss Moore and Miss Bloom supervising a class in the study of cosmetics, their application and value.

Tiptoeing into the library to greet the weary librarian, I amazingly found Miss Koch, stern and resolute of expression and cold in speech. Hastily I left the room, not a student lifted his eyes from his book. Boldly I rushed down the hall and found Miss Cage instructing the girls in the art of making pies without baking them, plan—order them from the baker.

My next tour was impeded by a short lady with bobbed hair, who supported the cause of note-writing and saw that no one exchanged notes with the wrong person. The lady was Miss Altman.

Mrs. Sayler was the competent stenographer of Mr. Kinsey; and Miss Burnside, with her private car, made daily investigation of the number of girls attending the theater, from Miss Weiford's dancing class. There were rumors of the latter's marriage to a minister from Brown's Corner, and Miss Burnside entertained hope of answering Kinsey's question with a "yes". Cupid has shot an arrow through the head of the weary. At last Norma Nagel is happily wedded and she and her friends, Mrs. Sayle and Mrs. Potts, were selling the "Fiery Cross" on the corner of John and Guilford streets. Annoyed by their voices, I went to the basement to visit the mechanical work-shop. Mrs. Branyan sang melodies of symphony, gaining sympathy as the boys forged away.

I attended a basket ball game before leaving and was delighted with the coach, Mr. Shock. The team played Anderson, and Huntington won 50 to 5. A snake dance was held on the corner of Jefferson and Market streets, Mrs. Mann leading the procession.

Other lambs from the faculty had strayed from the fold.

Stepping into the office of Judge Mahoney, I learned that he had recently granted a divorce to Waneta Clark's husband. The plaintiff alleged that his wife typed all day and he received no meals.

Pausing before a window arrayed in an assortment of old furniture, the proprietor came out and urged me to buy a beautiful hand-painted tooth brush, brilliant in color and used only four times by Mrs. McCrum. I recognized Mrs. Poineer and she readily explained her humble position, attributing it to betting on students' grades; those she trusted forgot to study.

Lastly I met Miss Gray, grayer than ever, who had been painting a picture of a Senior's dream of the real kind of life. The picture showed soldiers standing at ease.

Not understanding the changes in the faculty, customs, and convictions of the school, I looked to Father Time and he replied that he was responsible for all things. Happily I saw that he had not changed the foundation of the success of Huntington High School.

Here's to the faculty! May it guide H. H. S. through the years to come and find its reward as a donor of service. Velma Van Dine.

—o—

ADMONITION TO THE CLASS OF 1924 FROM THE FACULTY

The members of the faculty, because of their many years of experience with high school pupils, are the best fitted to judge what advice would be most helpful to the graduates in later years. In this department we give the instructors an opportunity of aiding the Seniors of 1924 with counsel which they believe to be most productive of noble thought and high ambition. For this reason we have created this feature of the annual, trusting that the readers will find therein the keys to Success and apply them to their own lives.

MR. BYERS—It takes the uncommon thing to attract the common mind, and the common thing to attract the uncommon mind.

MRS. POINIER—This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

MISS KOCH—The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

MRS. TEMPLETON—They fail, and they alone who have not striven.

MISS A. KLINE—Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in others sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

MR. KINSEY—Yesterday is dead—forget it;
Tomorrow does not exist—don't worry;
Today is here—use it.

MR. DAY—By sparing ourselves the daily task, we dig the grave of our higher possibilities.

MISS EWING—Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

MR. MURRAY—If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be.—Now put them forward.

MR. SUTER.—When you can't remove an obstacle, plow around it.

MISS HAMER—A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep or taste not that Pyrean spring.

MISS CAGE—When the high heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great.

MRS. McCRUM—The more you have to do, the more you can accomplish—for you learn to economize your time.

MRS. SAYLER—Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam.

MRS. MANN—The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be deemed a scholar.

MISS KLINE—He who kills time is the assassin of his own opportunity.

MISS COX—Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's.

MISS DUNATHAN—Let us have faith that right makes might, and that in faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.

MISS HOFFMAN—Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

MISS MOORE—Be brief; be fruitful.

MISS ALTMAN—Be pleasant every morning until ten o'clock; the rest of the day will take care of itself.

MISS GRAY—Worry not for what others are thinking about you—the intelligent have already formed an opinion and the rest aren't intelligent enough to form one.

MISS BURNSIDE—Jolly the fellow that's down today,
And give him a smile for his sorrow,
This world, you know, has a funny way,
And you may be down tomorrow.

MR. FRANTZ—Plan more than you can do,
Then do it;
Bite off more than you can chew,
Then chew it;
Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat,
And there you are.

MRS. BRANYAN—A great man is made up of qualities that meet or make great occasions.

MISS WEIFORD—Happiness is a butterfly which when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight on you.

MR. SHOCK—Do good with what thou hast or it will do thee no good.

MISS CLARK—In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same,
In the struggle for power, or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto: "Rely on yourself."

MR. MAHONEY—We are put into this world to make it better, and we must be about our business.

MR. MICHAEL—The secret of life is not to do what one likes but to try to like what one has to do.

DONATELLO'S EARS

O come and tell about those ears
  Beneath thy curls concealed;
And help me to allay the fears
  To which my life doth yield.

If faun, why dost thou linger near
  To tempt the human heart?
If youth, then why thy shrinking fear,
  From all of human art?

Why dost thou dance across the plain
  And heavenly music play;
To charm the landscape and the main,
And keep mankind at bay?

Why dost thou dwell where humans go
Upon the rock's high crag,
And shiver at the depths below,—
  With ease here like the stag?

Thy haunts are far away from men
  Thy pipe he cannot know;
But thou dost charm us in the fen,
  Or on the mountain's brow.

Why dost thou steal the maiden's heart
  And fold it to thine own,
When 'tis forbid on fauns' part
  To mix with man alone?

But here the mystery still remains,—
  Dost human passions know?
Dost thou receive for all thy pains,
  Alone a faun's woe?

Deep in each human curly head,
  And sparkle from each eye,
The coy and faunlike sprite is bred
  Which calls from earth to sky!

Until we wonder if the ears
  Of youth have points above;
And still, protesting in our fears,
  Both faun and youth we love.

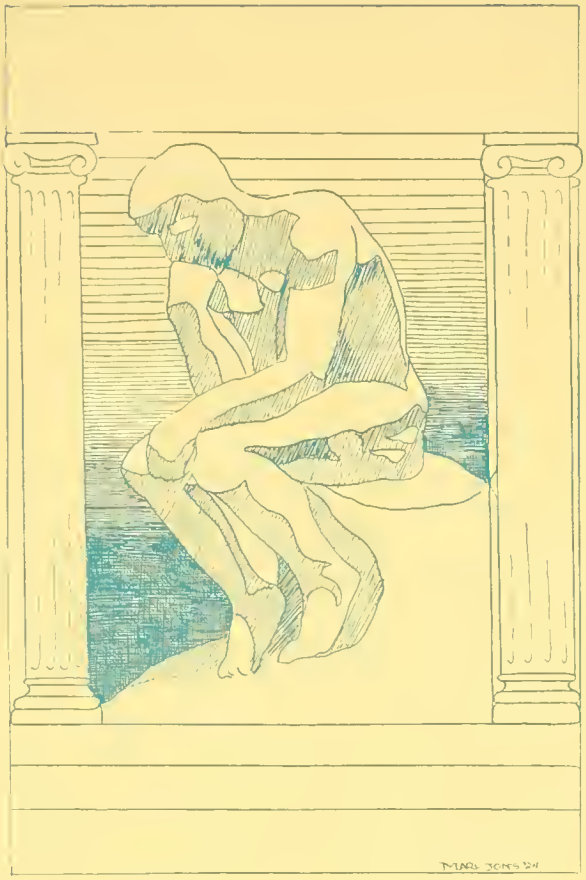
The faun and human mix with ease
And with proportions true;
The godlike given, if you please,
As well as earthly hue.

Then why protest the faun's ears
Are pointed at the top?
As earth recedes, as heaven nears,
The faun must rise or drop.

The faun in man the artist is,
The youth his playground bright.
What fonder hope for man than this:
That both keep each in sight.

And down earth's valleys arm in arm
Dispense their music sweet,
Until all earth is held in charm
And prostrate at their feet.

—Charles Emory Byers.



Classes

AUTOGRAPHS

Senior

MARY JONES '24

WILLIAM YERGENS

Our Senior President. A good student and an accomplished Basket Ball player; a member of the Y Celt champion team. But 'tis said a certain little Junior girl already has possession of his medal—watch your step, Bill boy.

HELEN SLATER

Helen has developed into one of our good singers. She is a quiet girl, but still she seems to do a good bit of thinking. Her answers in Mr. Byers' English class have served to produce E's on her report, what more could one ask?

NORMAN POINIER

Behold, the butler. Oh yes, and Norman acted his part in the Senior play much to his credit. He has served his class to an advantage in many instances and has nearly proved himself a steadfast student, but alas, he has a failing for the weaker sex.

MARY CATHERINE MILLER

Mary Catherine is one of those bright ones that left us in January and is now pursuing her studies at Huntington College. She was the star of Miss Koch's French class and could be located easily by her ever ready giggle.

RICHARD WEYBRIGHT

As our Junior President, Richard did much for the success of our class last year. A good student and alaways ready to do his part in any bit of work. We don't know who his best lady friend is at present, but you remember the certain young lady that graduated last year.

EDITH HECK

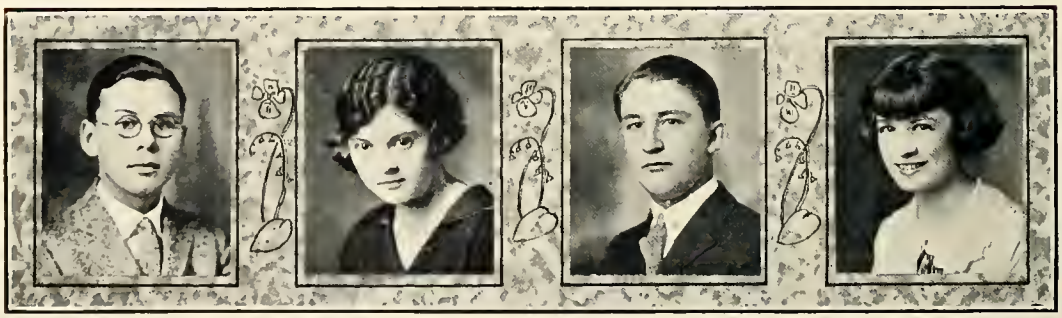
Edith is another of our 4-2 English sharks. Quiet and unassuming, as she is, she has gained many friends in H. H. S.. Also takes after her sister, Gladys, in Economic work. She will make a good house-wife we are sure.—Now don't rush boys, Edith will take care of herself.

ROBERT WASMUTH

Sorry girls, but he is already quite devoted to Florence and we fear there is no hope. Bob is one of these fellows that gives us something to think about when it comes to answering questions. We fully expect to find him selling Kitchen Maids one of these days.

MARY JONES

Ever true to Bernard. Mary has accomplished wonders as our Art Editor. She is always in a good humor and ready to help anyone out of a difficulty. We are sure that Mary's talent will gain recognition for her in future years.



JOE HOLLIS

As an all around chore boy Joe takes the berries. He is a rather quiet boy, but still he has made many friends in school. He has managed to get his work in school up so that he may graduate with his brother George.

KATHERINE JUILLERAT

An accomplished pianist 'n' everything. At the latest report is somewhat interested in Norman. A regular Frenchie when it comes to talking, and so forth. Always (?) known to pay attention in English class. Can be found with Peg.

ARTHUR FINN

Our gentleman of style, one can hear many a fair maiden remark about his good looking suits. Yes, he steps out, and quite often, we hear. Arthur is one of these heart-breaking sheiks, but we don't believe that he is really very dangerous.

MARY ELIZABETH PRATT

Here is a girl who is very studious and brings in a long line of E's. Was the only girl with nerve enough to take up the study of Physics this year, and we admire her for continuing. We aren't acquainted with her Romeo, if she has one.

CASSIUS KELLER

Our studious and practical young gentleman. He can astonish us all with his answers in English, and by the way doesn't he make a regular "statistical poet"? Cassius might have graduated last year, and now has just loads of credits.

VELMA VAN DINE

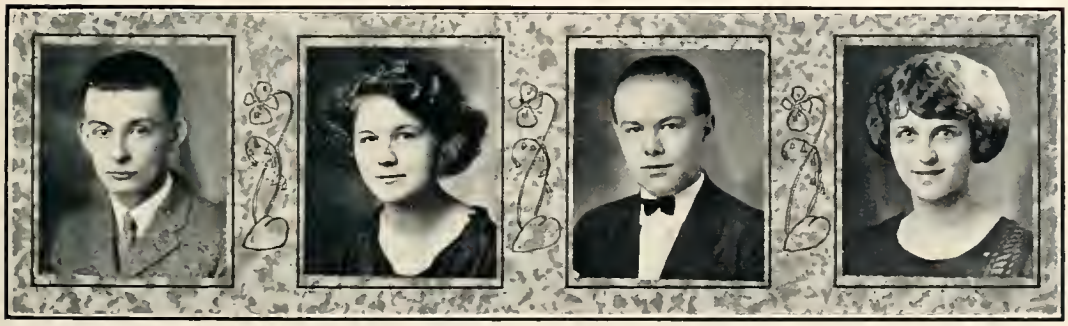
Throughout her high school years Velma has proved her worth as an orator and has won many honors for H. H. S. During this time she has also kept up her studies and gotten good grades. At the present time she is rather undecided whether it shall be Merrill or Harold.

HAROLD THOMPSON

Ah—'tis the royal Prince Caspian. Harold also acted his part of the peddler quite well. Has been learning the art of Public Speaking and is also kept busy trying to translate Cicero's Orations. Well, we wish him good luck.

RUTH MICKLEY

Ruth seems to have a different man every time she is seen. We don't know where she gets them all, but are anxious for some information. We might go to Clear Creek. May be found either with Myrtle or Geraldine, or sometimes with Byron Richards himself.



HARRY MONTAGUE

Harry is a member of our well known basket ball team. A good singer and oh, the girls do envy him his curly hair. He has always been studious and popular with the women, but he is now very devoted to a certain Josephine—now, guess the rest.

DOROTHY SHOCK

And when she starts to laugh—watch out. Dorothy is a regular society lady. Has high ideals when it comes to studying and tries to carry them out. A very good actor and pianist, but only few people ever hear her play. She is very bashful, you know.

AUSTIN SCHELL

Here is one of our members that is rather small but mighty. Austin is known to be able to hand some of the teachers a regular line. While devoting much of his time to Emma he still managed to work well in writing up our sports.

DOROTHY MULLIN

Dorothy is one of those girls who laugh all sorrow away. Is well liked by many because of her friendly disposition and good nature. Her dates are many. She will be leaving town shortly after school is out and we are sure she will be missed very much.

EDWARD McNALLY

Edward is another one of the few that we have not learned to know very well during our years in H. H. S. He is a boy who has devoted his time to studying (?) and other amusements because he probably has not cared for the limelight.

MYRTLE METCALF

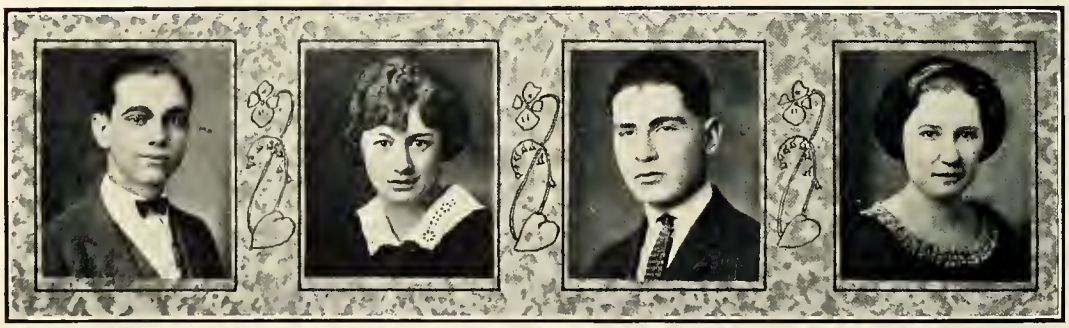
She may seem to be a rather quiet girl, but she isn't when you know her. We just can't keep track of all her dates, they are much too numerous for our limited imagination. We know one secret though, she had a failing for a certain grocery clerk —honest.

PAUL MORSE

Mush! Mush! Leave it to Paul to tell these lady loves where to head in As our Business Manager he has worked with a will to succeed, and he has succeeded. He strives to please, especially his beloved Bul Bul. We hear that certain girls considered asking him to the Leap Year Banquet. Beware!

MARY PASTOR

Mary has gone through high school in three years, more or less. She is very quiet and rather shy, but she may surprise us one of these days and do something real bold and daring. She has been a good student and a hard worker. Never seen without Thelma.



ARTHUR PALMER

Our business-like young man who can be seen every afternoon taking up the absentee list. His acting in the Senior play brought recognition and we might advise him to take up acting as a profession. In the time he has been with us Arthur has proved to be a good student and has acquired many friends.

EUNICE ROWLEY

Eunice has been with us but a short while, having come here after attending high school in Bloomington and Angola. She has found many friends and is well liked by many, especially by Lowell, who fell for her after she had been here but a short time.

LOWELL WILLIAMS

Yes, Lowell took a leading part in the "Mikado" having played the part of the distinguished gentleman himself. He presents some very reasonable arguments in 4-2 English, and sometimes they are accepted. He is now employed in a jewelry store and will no doubt soon start out on his own hook.

THELMA MORGAN

Thelma is one of the "shining lights" of our class, and we happen to have eight or nine of them this year. They are always welcome. She is envied because of her radiant hair and is the life of a crowd. A good student in English and the best pal of Florence Whitelock.

HERBERT NEWELL

A lad who can make us laugh at any time, has gained a reputation for his droll humor. Herbert is quite a talented cartoonist and we are sure he will be able to use this ability to a great advantage. A Public Speaking student and an admirer of certain young ladies.

MABEL LAHM

Talk about red hair, Mabel has it. But she should be proud of it, and we feel that she is, for she has not as yet applied the shears to it. A good Art student and also well versed in the line of English. Is the sister of "Red Lahm."

ALDEAN TODD

Aldean has clerked in a drug store and prepared his lessons well while he was thus employed. He has many friends in school and is considered rather good looking especially by some of these out-of-town girls. Also a Shark (?) when it comes to Bookkeeping.

ANNABELLE CAIN

Here we are, bring on the chewing gum. "Crutch" has a long list of admirers, but she is prejudiced toward Carl, just now. She has never been known to miss a dance, but she manages to keep going with her school work. Has her hair bobbed now.

PARHAM KELLEY

Parham has carried Grammar and 4-2 English both this term and has managed well. His answers in English often surprise us all, they are terribly deep. Is usually busy chewing a match; need any help, Parham?

NONDES HUYETTE

Whenever we see Nondes we always expect to see Georgia or Rowena somewhere close by. She has studied more of the commercial subjects and will thus be able to get along in a business way. She is following in the steps of her sister and has one man's life to her credit, do you remember?

HAROLD KINDLER

Here is a boy who is prone to keep rather quiet, but when he makes a recitation we know that he has been quiet because he was thinking deeply. Harold has not been with us all four years but has still made many friends in H. H. S.

GERALDINE KRONMILLER

A girl who likes 'em all. Geraldine left H. H. S. to go to Ft. Wayne, but came back to graduate with her class, which shows that she knows a good class when she finds it. We are glad to have her in our number and congratulate her on coming back.

CLUM BUCHER

Our all around athlete. When Clum gets in the game we know he means business. A great favorite of the girls, but alas! It is too late, a fair maiden in our capital city has his heart and we don't think there is much danger of her losing it.

MARY HELEN GIERHART

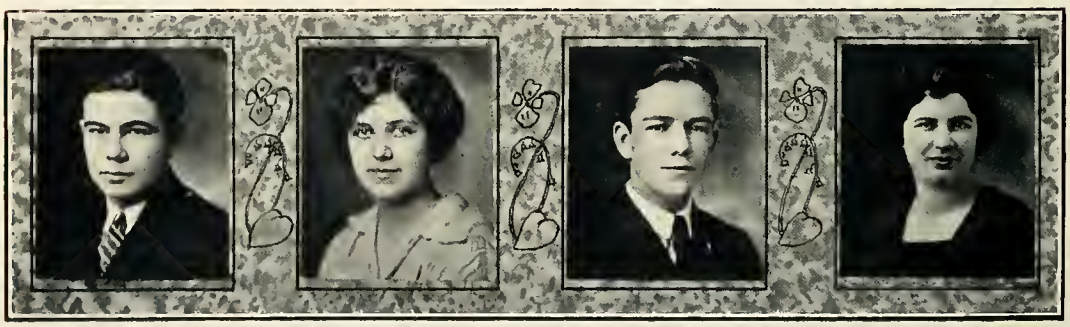
One of our long haired lasses—one of the "few". Has a man at Purdue, and is always faithful to him. Often seen in Virginia Seigmund's Ford and she even drives it too. Don't tell anyone but we hear she wants her hair bobbed,—can it be possible?

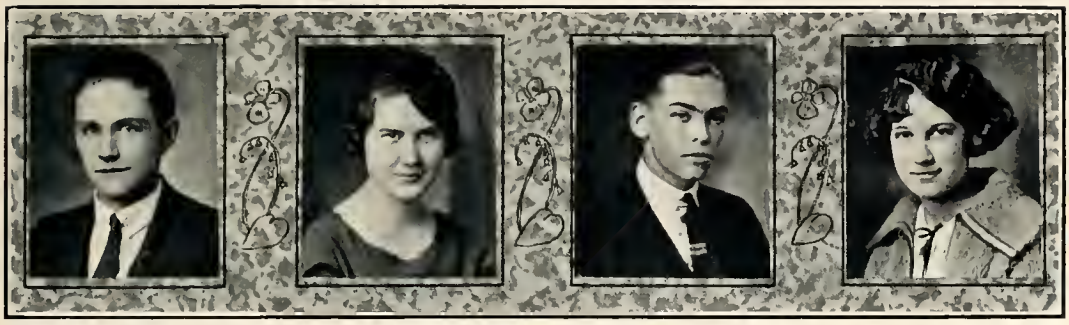
HENRY EWING

Hank is one of our rather small boys, has rosy cheeks 'n' everything. However, he is a regular fellow and can most always be heard somewhere in the midst of the bunch. Is always quiet in school and sometimes bashful.

BEULAH CLASS

Beulah comes to us from the country, don't you bet she is some cook, boys? Can be known by her dark black locks, and they're long too. Is a studious girl and has her share of friends in the high school.





BURDETTE REDDING

"Our Radio Bug". Has them all outclassed when it comes to tinkering with the radio and getting extraordinary results. Flies around town in his Lizzie and has been the main-stay of 4-1 Geometry hikes. Doesn't like the girls, only his sisters.

ERMA BURTON

Our honorable "Editress" has a man clear down in California and he's a musician, too. As Lady Ida she quite surprised us with her manner of love making, but this is Leap Year, and besides, look who he was! A wonderful student, the envy of all Freshmen.

CHARLES HALSEY

A quiet boy but still a good actor. As the leading man in the Senior play he accomplished wonders. A regular woman-hater, but we are sure he will some day change his mind. A good student and a faithful worker.

MARGARET STEELE

What a laugh she has, but it is genuine. Mr. Byers doesn't seem to be able to see why Peg can't keep more orderly in English, but it just isn't natural that's all. She has just loads of friends, in school and out.

MERRILL RUBLE

As editor of the Modulus, Merrill has made a great success and deserves due credit. A good student and a wonderful orator, he won the cup and other honors for H. H. S.. Before this year he was classed as a regular bachelor, but "them days are gone forever." His latest is a Junior.

PAULINE MAHONEY

Here is Miss Olivia, our leading lady. Pauline surely won much praise with her skillful acting in the Senior play. Has served on most all of the Junior and Senior committees for her class and has been an all around good scholar.

LOGAN LEHMAN

Oh boy! Isn't he a regular "ladies man"? Logan once had a hobby of getting kicked out of Chemistry, or something to that effect. Is always ready to partake of any pleasure the crowd suggests and has many jokes over it all.

ADENA ALDRIDGE

A young lady with a will all her own. She is known for her brilliant answers in 4-2 English. A great basket ball fan and an ardent admirer of Poe. She tells us she is leaving for Chicago as soon as school is out, what's the attraction, Adena?

RUBY WELLER

Ruby is one of the girls who has helped to scatter sunshine among all the girls in school. Also a very studious girl and generally has her lessons. Has long curls that are the envy of all the girls in the underclasses, and they're pink, just like her sister's.

GARTH McDORMAN

A regular artist 'n' everything. He has helped with the stage settings and the art work for almost every entertainment that the high school has put on. Is out for a good time any old day. By the way have you ever seen him in his artist's smock? Some class.

GEORGIA McCONKEY

Georgie is one of these attractive brunettes and has plenty of friends among boys and girls. She has been seen quite frequently with "Beaner" Neuer lately and we fear that she is fast slipping.

HORACE PASTOR

Here is a boy who says so much (?) that we can hardly hear ourselves think when he is around. Nevertheless he has studied some of the time and sometimes even recites, good work. Is a dandy basket ball player and has won much admiration through his good playing.

ROWENA REETZ

"Yoo Hoo, Georgia!" 'n' that's that. Rowena has her own opinions about certain things and always says just what she thinks. It must be that she goes outside of the high school bunch to find her dates because we seldom see her with a high school fellow.

BYRON RICHARDS

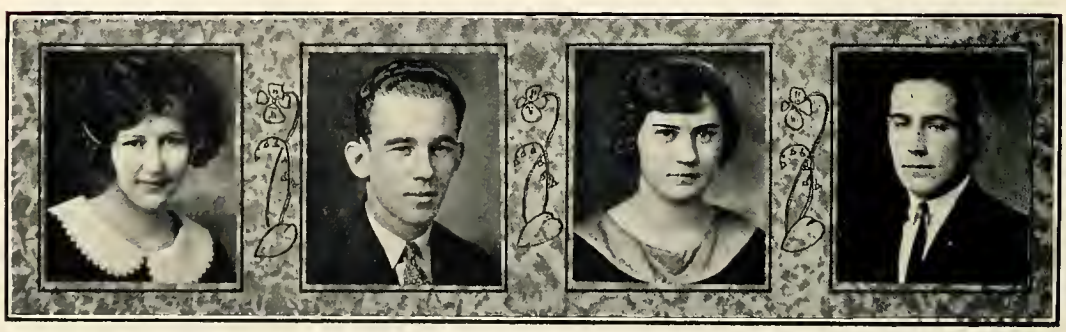
Byron didn't make it last year so he decided to stick to it and graduate with the class of '24. A wise decision. Has a regular marcel in his hair and is rated as a real heart-breaker among the girls.

HELEN RITTENHOUSE

Another one of these shy, modest little girls and very studious. An interested basket ball fan, we wonder if there might happen to be some certain attraction among the players. Always willing to help the Sunshine society, etc.

CLARENCE ROE

Clarence came to our class last year from Decatur, and made quite a hit the first thing. Has joined in the school spirit and was one of the boys presented with an H for playing football. He has made many friends and we are glad to call him one of our number.



VELDA SHROYER

Here is another one of our new acquaintances, but we have learned to know her well and like her. In 4-2 English she gives us some surprising answers, but they deliver the goods.

....

CURTIS SHOCK

The most "bashfullest" boy we know, especially around the girls. Is he studious? —well, he has mastered Chemistry and Physics, judge for yourself. But he also has "lotsa" pep and hangs out with his South Side gang.

EILEEN STRAUSS

The professional gum chewer can break all records. But Eileen works while she chews. If you don't believe it just see what she has accomplished in Typewriting and Shorthand. Is always to be found with her pals "Neuer and Eisenhauer". Otherwise with Joe.

OTTO STROCK

A very business like boy who saved many of the Seniors a big expense on their cards. He is well started in the printing trade, and who knows but that he may some day have a press all his own. Is an expert (?) at typing shorthand. His old "sidekick" is Marion Ryan.

IRENE SANDS

Here is a girl who has made a good record in high school. Because of her quiet way we have not learned to know her well, but feel sure that she would make a worthy friend. When it comes to men Irene is always supplied.

CLYDE HEASTON

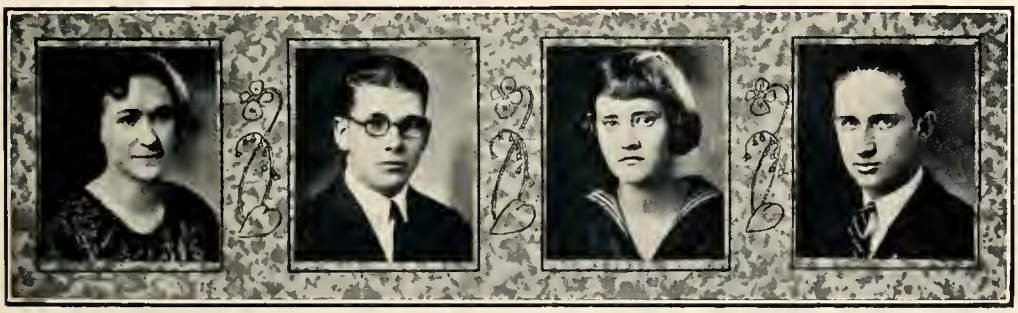
Yes, he dropped out of school for a while but showed good judgment in returning to graduate. We do not know much about his work in the classrooms, but whenever we see him in the halls he is devoting all his attention to Janet.

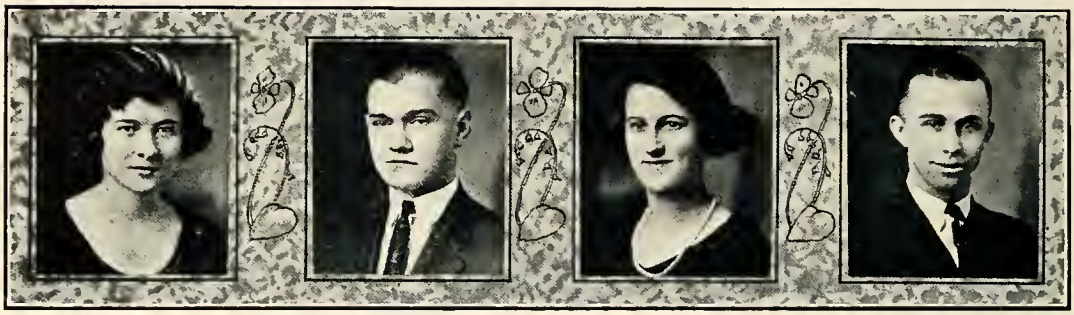
MARY HARRELL

Mary is one of our Seniors who has managed to graduate in three years. By means of Cupid we have heard that she has a failing for red-headed people. We must warn you to beware of these fiery "Harts". An all around good student.

GERALD YOUNG

Once in a while we come across a boy who seems to delight in serving others. Gerald does this thing when he clerks in the Drug store. Drives an Olds car and can "step on it" at times. Is another one of these hard-working Physics students.





DONNA ZENT

Donna has the distinction and satisfaction of being engaged. We wish her much happiness. One of our members who showed great skill in acting her part in the Senior play. . A member of our Orchestra and the Cashier at Penny's.

FRED ZEIGLER

A real for sure farmer lad. Can give you any information from how to milk a cow to how to butcher, etc. Is a very studious lad and usually puts his knowledge to some practical application especially in Civics.

MARION VANDINE

We feel that Marion's days of single bliss will soon be over, for at the latest report she takes her man to Sunday School and even belongs to a young married people's class. Pretty fast work. Another shark at Bookkeeping.

TALMADGE TOMLINSON

Tommy is a boy who knows the value of good company and is usually seen all by himself. He has not been so well known as some of our other members, but he has his good qualities, we are sure of that.

CLARA THORN

Here is another one of our country lasses who has stayed with it until she got her high school work satisfactorily completed. Is quite a good Art student and is especially interested in Home Economics.

TOM WHEELER

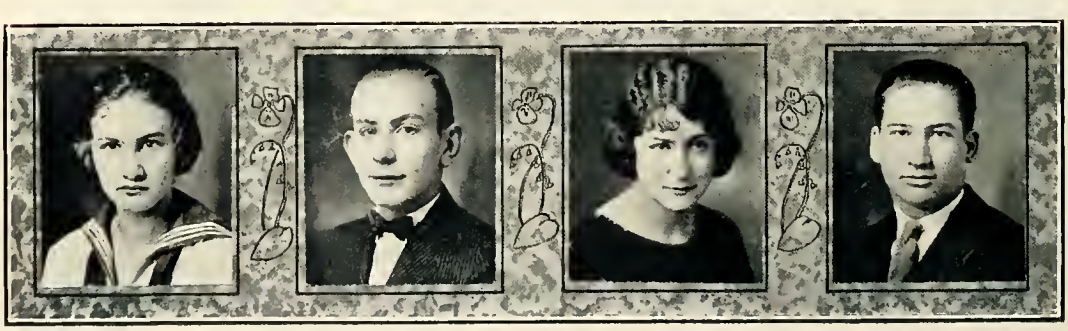
Our sentimental lad, oh yes! A regular dance hound and particularly blessed with the gift of the gab. He is the life of Miss Koch's French classes and known for his numerous dates. We know nothing concerning his plans for the future.

MARY WIRT

Shy but alluring. Mary hasn't been with us long but nevertheless has many friends. She has managed to make a hit with several of our high school sheiks, but has never proclaimed her choice. Has also joined the ranks in 4-2 English.

HAROLD STULTS

Yes, he's from the country too. He was the boy who so delightfully entertained the members of our class at his home on the Mishler Pike. Has tackled the study of Physics and we hope he finds success in all the problems he meets in life.



LAURA TELFER

Who's "Cap" did Laura have at the Tournament this year, now we wonder. Although she never has much to say she has found her best friends in her high school days. —We hear that she has started taking early morning walks to reduce.

DAMON VOGHT

Wouldn't we be surprised if Damon would some day come into the limelight as a great musician? But one can never tell what the members of this distinguished class may do. Was once upon a time a devoted lover, but times have changed.

BERNEICE LOBDELL

Berneice has won much favorable comment, in school and out, because of her ability to play the cornet. She has been with us only one year and we wish that it might have been longer. She came to us from Banquo and can point out her numerous admirers there.

JOHN WHITELOCK

John is a student who has done his work well and has conducted himself so as to gain a place as an Honor Student. He is prone to keep his thoughts to himself so we cannot tell what his plans for the future are, maybe he will take over the grocery business.

VECIL SPARKS

A girl who has worked hard trying to get her lessons. She never has much to say in class but can tell us all about farm work, outside of class. Can almost always be found with her friend Edith Gordon.

CHARLES COLLETT

Charles went with his parents when they first moved out of town, but he has now come back to graduate with his class. We are glad to see you're back, professor. Was always a target for Suter's puzzling questions in Chemistry.

NONDAS RUDIG

Our wonderful pianist, can rattle off the music as fast as some of our professionals; can typewrite. Is a rather quiet girl, but we are told she knows her stuff without a doubt. Is the best pal of Berneice Lobdell, "Great minds run in the same channel."

HUSTON SMITH

The possessor of the most wonderful curly hair, and we understand that he is willing to trade it for some nice straight locks. Here's your chance girls, but don't rush, because he's "rather" bashful. A great lover of the "Poet and Peasant", we like it too.

MARVEL SHULTZ

Here is a girl who can whistle better than any bird we are acquainted with. Has entertained us in the Auditorium at different times and has won hearty applause. Also a member of our Orchestra and a good worker, just ask Marion.

MAURICE SMETZER

Maurice is so quiet that we hardly know he is in class but he is a very good student and has earned all of his good grades. He has told us in English that he believes that everyone should decide on his life work and then pursue it. We are sure that he has done this.

NELLIE HAMMEL

Nellie is a member of the Honor Society, and she seems to be a natural born poetess. She can answer questions in Senior English like a book, but we would like for her to answer the question,—who is he? Nellie has a great life program before her.

MARCELLUS LAHR

Marcellus is one of our small articles, but we have always believed it is quality, not quantity, that counts. He has tackled Chemistry and Physics and has made a regular "touchdown". Has his own particular bunch of friends.

MILDRED HOOVER

Such a bashful little girl, it is hard for one to learn to know her real well. Usually has "most" of her lessons. We hear she plays the piano, especially for the Aristos. Has plenty of friends among the high school girls.

CLAUDE GORDON

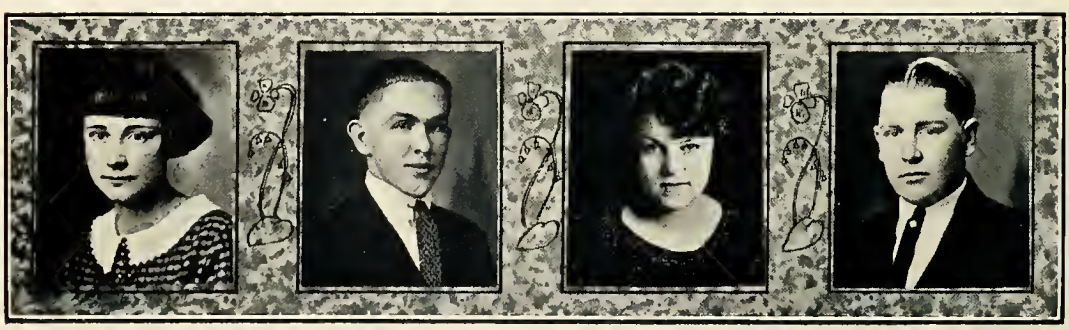
Claude comes to us from the country. Drives a "Chevy" and just makes the dust fly some times. His father is a school teacher and so Claude can naturally hand the teachers a regular line but he usually knows what he is talking about.

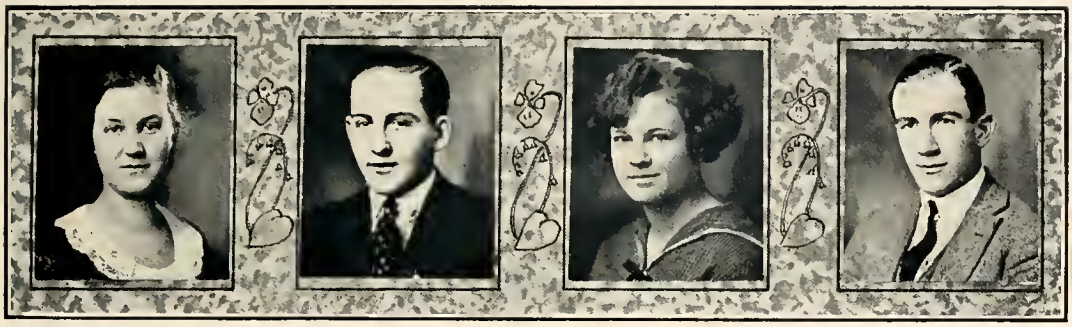
MARTHA HICKS

We haven't heard much about Martha this last term; she has been making herself scarce, it seems. She is another one of our girls that never has much to say. She has specialized more along the line of Home Economics, maybe for a good reason, who knows?

VIRGIL DINIUS

Virgil appeared in the midst of the football candidates last year and later proved that he could play quite well. We were rather surprised for he had never appeared in the limelight before and is considered very bashful. A good beginning, Virgil.





ALLIE DAVIS

And here is the French shark, they say she surpassed all other pupils in her ability to translate. She is also one of our newer members but has gained quite a reputation on account of good work in her different classes.

EMMET COZAD

Always faithful to Helen. Another of our far-famed basket ball players. Has the distinction of being a twin, how lucky! It is said that he has been the shark of all his English classes. We wonder how he does it.

EDITH ERVIN

Can she giggle? We hope to tell you that she can, without a doubt. It is said that she tries awfully hard to get her lessons, and sometimes she does, bravo! Is one of the famous trio of Edith's and can usually be found with one of them.

NEIL CRULL

Our married man, almost! President of the Honor Society and our Advertising Manager. Always gets to class at about fourteen after, you can guess the reason why. Also the proud owner of a most accomodating "Lizzie".

HELEN HOSLER

Neil's better half. As the Princess Bul Bul, Helen proved to us that she really could sing like a Nightingale. And did you see the flowers that she got? We can't imagine whence they came. She has done good work in the Commercial studies and made both the teams.

DALLAS CLASS

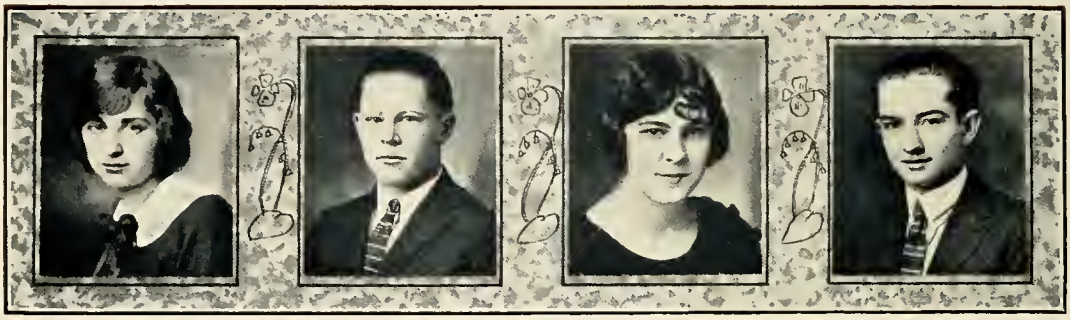
Instead of staying on the farm, Dallas has come to high school and finished his education and we admire him for sticking with it. We never hear him say much, but we hear he knows lots to say, at times.

EDITH GORDON

A rather small girl with lots of pep. Can easily be identified by the cute little dimple in her chin, and we hear she classes it as one of the important features of her beauty. Rides her bicycle to and from school with great skill. A good student and a good sport.

ROBERT BROWN

Robert is another of our "little" boys, little but mighty. Br-r-r! Always full of pep and ready to take any dare. Likes to match wits with Mr. Murray, but he don't always come out best. This worthy teacher prizes Bob as his pet adding machine.



ADA BLICKENSTAFF

A quiet unassuming maid, never seen without her best friend, Mabel. Many times she has surprised us with her excellent answers in 4-2 English. Also a good Art student and a diligent worker. We are sure she will make good after she leaves school.

EUGENE BARTAWAY

A lad who hails from the country and don't care who knows it. Is a bright mark in Mrs. Poinier's classes. And can he remember dates, ah yes! At the latest reports he had not found his "one and only", but he will before long. Good luck, Eugene!

EDNA BROWN

Edna is one of our prim maidens, always looks just so. Is known to have her books full of notes at most any time although we don't attempt to say where she gets 'em. We hear too that she is quite a success at Typewriting.

GEORGE LAWVER

We missed seeing George in the halls this last term and also in taking up the absentee lists. We found that he had notions of his own about getting 4-2 English. He has probably already started on his line of work in the Business world.

BEATRICE BAYLESS

A girl who has worked hard enough and well enough to make her way through in three and a half years. Is known for her ability in writing love stories. Do we dare assume that she writes from experience?

DONALD LIND

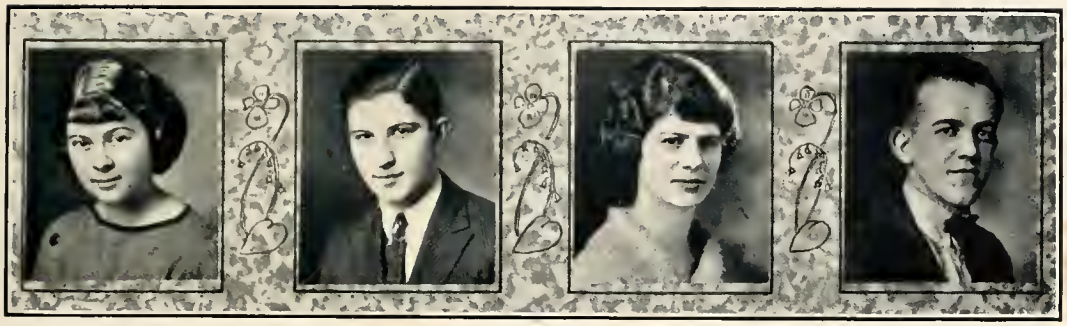
"Jumbo" has lately tried out for quite a few of the sports and has made some measure of success in football and basket ball. He will be a star pitcher one of these days. A good enough student, when he gets his lessons.

OLIVE BRANSTRATOR

Yes, she graduates this year, although she is so quiet most of the time we almost forget that she belongs in our class. Spends much time working on her lessons, and she usually has them all. Is always ready to do anything she is asked to do for her school.

ARTHUR MAUGER

Yes, here's "Mike" Mauger himself. As you all know, he can talk a blue streak and still not get much said. Always full of fun and ready to take a joke even when it does happen to be on him. Just "eats up" Bookkeeping.



BEULAH CHALFANT

Beulah has the ability to argue, we would warn you to watch what you say. She is always in a good humor and can produce a hearty giggle at any time, convenient or inconvenient. We have heard that she writes notes too.

LOUIS PITRUCELLE

Some of the boys started to grow mustaches this year, and Louis was one of the number. But something seemed to change his mind about it, we wonder what it was. When Mr. Byers asked him "What's up?" he was up against a stiff question but he did well with it.

LOUISE DRUMMOND

Always interested in girl's basket ball, Louise has become quite a player herself. She charms many with her singing and seems to have made a real hit with certain young men from Andrews. We fear that another good girl is hopelessly lost.

GERALD SAAL

Here is a boy who has worked straight through with his class in a good manner. He is usually to be found having a grand old time in one of Suter's Gym classes. We do not know what his plans for the future are but we are sure he will get along well.

JEANNETTE SALE

As one of the literary editors, Jeanette has, as always, proved herself capable and steady. She's a good friend of everybody, especially Gene. Her choice of the hardest subjects is a good symptom of her ambition. She will succeed in everything she undertakes, even housekeeping!

BRICE WARE

Brice spends almost all of his time outside of the school working at the Filling Station where he has a regular job. Has just loads of friends and the girls say he dances "divinely". A hard working student and usually has his lessons.

JANET JACOBSON

It isn't everyone who can have diamond rings like Janet can. We feel that she might be able to give us all some helpful hints. She is now very much interested in her friend "Peachy" and this, together with her school work, makes her very busy.

RUSSELL WARKENTINE

The teachers can soon find out that Russell knows what he is talking about when he makes a recitation. Has mastered some of the harder subjects and has found many friends in helping others along. Has his own particular crowd of fellows.

MARTHA COTTON

Our "Coal Black Mammy". She has taken Public Speaking and is able to hand anybody a line, even Cassius. Has spoken to us in the Auditorium in quite a fearless manner and we congratulate her for her courage. Her best friend is Helen Slater.

MAURICE BANISTER

One of these bright and studious boys. A member of the Honor Society and known to have his lessons always. We feel that in his quiet way he will make a place in the business world, and we wish him every success.

GENEVIEVE GASKIN

One of our best singers and we are sure that she will some day gain recognition through her singing. She has a Sheik "all her own" in Marion and always has a box of candy on hand, now we wonder why?

LILLIAN HARDIN

Lillian is a country lass who does not seem to take much interest in her present location but likes to stay in town. She also makes frequent trips to Ohio, an she tells us there is a reason. Can always give one any information needed.

MILDRED KISER

Yes, Mildred wears a diamond ring on her left hand, but we cannot tell for sure whether it really means anything serious or not. She is rather thoughtful and quiet and usually has her work all prepared.

MARK SMITH

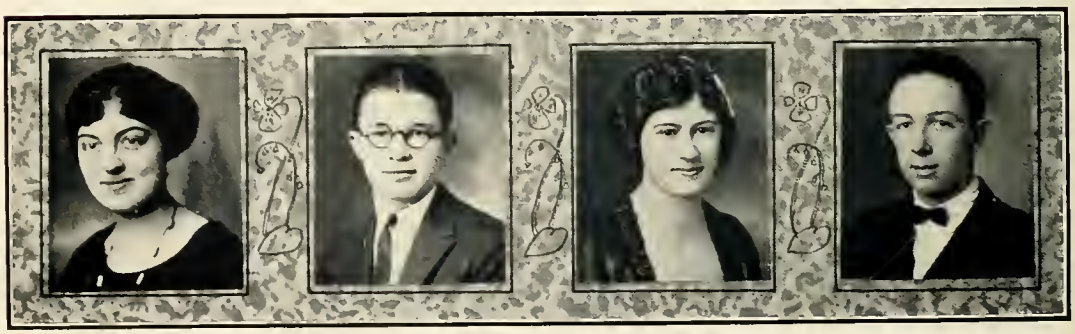
Isn't he good looking? He is always full of fun and as a "kidder" he can't be beat. His answers in 4-2 English are very deep, fluently expressed and come up to a high standard. He has been with us just this last year but in that time has distinguished himself with his remarkable basket ball playing.

VIRGINIA DOUDNA

As President of the Sunshine Society in her Junior year, Virginia did much to help the girls of the high school in their social activities in school. She is a rather quiet girl, but gets her lessons and is always faithful to Clarence.

RUSSELL RITTGERS

Russell is our "real big boy", six feet and three inches in his stocking feet. He can often make us all laugh with his witty recitations, but he gives us some good ideas along with his fun. He is responsible in a large part for the success of our book by his soliciting advertisements for the Modulus. Has a Hudson car and is willing to take you for a ride.



RUTH SHIDELER

Ruth has been in almost all of our Chorus plays and has helped to make them a success. Is now interested in Ira. For other information just stop at the Coffee Ranch.

OLIVE AMISS

Olive left us in January and has been attending North Manchester College. From what we hear she has been keeping up with the standard she made in H. H. S. She was always a quiet girl in school but kept us guessing when it came to having out-of-town dates. Who next?

HORACE CUTSHALL

Here is the professional "soda squirt" at the Cut Rate. Has a way with the girls that seems to make a hit, even though he never says much in class. He used to have a red racer and flew all around town in it.

GEORGE HOLLIS

George has spent only a part of his time in school this last term and the rest has been used in working, either at the Gas Station or at a Grocery store. He has a slow and easy manner and we have never seen him when he was hurrying.

ROBERT BECK

Here is the last of our shining lights and his hair is curly too. He played football last year and helped the team out much. It is rumored that he has a girl in Ft. Wayne and goes to that city quite often.

HARRY PEARMAN

Our husky backguard; whenever a player came in contact with Harry he seldom got any further. He has lately joined the ranks of our drug clerks and we are sure he can draw the crowds with his rosy cheeks and general good looks.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

The first day of April had seemingly brought summer with it. The sport editor in his office in the Tribune Tower, lazily stretched and then settled back for a nap.

Then the door opened and a voice growled, "By the seven brass gates of Jehannum! Get out to Bartlett gym and cover that national high school basket ball tourney. I forgot to tell you about it when you got back from New York yesterday."

The sport writer, herein called X—, forgot about spring fever, and left to cover his assignment. He had arrived from New York the previous day, where he had covered the battle for the fistic heavyweight championship between Battling Batteiger and Six Second Burt Smith, so he hadn't known that the big tournament started on this morning.

X—— arrived at the University gym, which was still doing service, just as the two first teams were dribbling out on the floor. The supporting rooters had calmed down sufficiently to start their organized yells as X—— took his seat in the Press box. The 30th Annual Interscholastic Basket Ball Tournament conducted by the University of Chicago was opening according to the usual form. The sports editor looked about him. Directly at his back rose a section of bleachers that flaunted red and black colors. Their team was evidently about to play.

Three yell leaders dressed in red and black costumes were going through the preliminary motions necessary in leading a yell. Then X——jumped. He couldn't believe his ears. Thrills ran through him, for this was the yell they were giving:

YEA INDIANA! YEA INDIANA!
FIGHT, HOOSIERS, FIGHT!

So the team in red and black suits was the champions of X——'s native state. A man arose from a seat beside X——, stumbled and fell on his ear, but arose again to yell "Yea team!" The excited personage was no other than Herbert Newell, the Tribune's great cartoonist. He had graduated in the same class with X——, the class of '24.

But X—— soon received another great thrill, greater than the one before. The crowd at his back was now yelling:

H. H. H. U. N. T. T. T. I. N. G. T. T. T. O. N.!
H.U.N.T.I.N.G.T.O.N.
HUNTINGTON! HUNTINGTON! HUNTINGTON!

So this team was that of Huntington High School, the best high school in Indiana to X—— and Newell because it was their alma mater. And at last they had won a state championship and were now hunting for bigger game.

X—— looked to see if he could recognize any members of the class of '24 in the crowd of Huntington rooters. Sure enough, sitting on the player's bench was Coach Bill Newell, the famous Olympic athlete. Beside him was Principal Ruble, Richard Weybright, head of the manual arts department; Lowell Williams, teacher of science; and Otto Strock, the truant officer.

Rev. Horace Cutshall, D.D., was seated with his wife, formerly Thelma Vale. Curtis Shock and Edward McNally, deacons in the church were beside him. Robert Beck, accompanied by Ada Blickenstaff, his better half, and now the coach at Andrews H. S. was yelling at the team, telling them how they should play their positions.

Miss Mary Helen Gierhart, the national president of the Sunshine Society, accompanied by Georgia McConkey and Rowena Reetz who were her secretaries, occupide front seats.

Then the game was ready to start, so X—— had to give up his search. A short, stocky athletic looking man walked out on the floor and pitched up the first ball at center. He was the famous "Big Ten" coach, Clum Bucher. Then the game was on. Two Harbors, Minnesota, was Huntington's opponent. But H. H. S. displaying the same old fighting spirit that the school was noted for, walked on them 34 to 20.

After the morning session games X—— phoned the results to his paper and then waited to see some member of the class of '24. The first old grad he saw, was Charles Herman Collett, who was even more portly than of yore. In the talk that followed Charlie admitted that he was a noted oil stock salesman, wanted in a dozen states. He didn't say what for, however.

X—— took him to the famous Ritzy-Wolf club for lunch. The manager, Claude Gordon, ushered them to a table. X—— described a Keith vaudeville act he had seen in New York. Brice Ware, Dorothy Shock, Paul Morse, Mary Catherine Miller, Aldean Todd, Mary Elizabeth Pratt, Robert Wasmuth, and Annabelle Cain were giving a song and dance act. Dallas Class was their manager but was continually at strife with his wife, the former Martha Cotton, because she wanted to sing a solo as the final number. Dallas and the rest of the company were afraid that the audience would never recover from the shock.

X—— then asked Charlie what members of their old class were in the professions. Charles looked blank, then said that Vecil Sparks and Laura Telfer were professional chefs on the Chicago-Omaha air express, that Clarence Roe had succeeded Rudolph Valentino as professional sheik of the movies, Horace Pastor was professional pool champion of the world, and that Donald Lind was playing professional baseball in the Peanut League and had succeeded at last in fanning out a batter. X——told him that his idea of what constituted a profession was about as much as could be expected—from him.

Suddenly C. Herman glanced out of the window by which they were seated and said, "Look, look. See that limousine, that Rolls-Rough. See the man inside in the top hat? Well, that's Hon. William Frederick Yergens, Jr., now president of the Erie R. R. He's the one that made it possible to have a crowd of rooters here."

X—— looked closely, then asked, "who are the people with him?"

"The lady with him is Helen Slater, his wife. The two little men in front are Robert Brown and Arthur Mauger, they are secret service men who serve as chauffeur and footman to the president," explained Charles.

"The distinguished looking man with the monocle is Lord Harry Montague, the famous Canadian Steel magnate. His lady, formerly Ruth Shideler, is sitting beside Mrs. Yergens."

Mr. Collett then pointed out a small Ford that followed close behind the Yergens' limousine. He said that the driver was Russell Duane Rittgers and his wife Eunice Rowley. Russell. it seems, was now a prosperous advertising solicitor.

The next morning found X—— and Newell at the Press bench again. Newell had collected more information concerning the grads of '24. He told this to X—— while both were waiting for the start of the game between Huntington and Simpson High of Birmingham, Alabama.

Byron Richards with his wife, Ruth Mickley, now lived in California and was a director of the Sardine Trust. Louis Pitrucelle with his lifepartner, Mildred Kiser, had cornered the banana market and was known in Wall Street as "The Banana King." Gerald Young, and Olive Carroll, now Mrs. Bud Young, was a leading druggist in Huntington. He had built up his business by putting Mary Wirt in charge of the soda fountain.

Norman Poinier and his companion in matrimony, better known in '24 as "Peg" Steele, had the controlling interest in Huntington's leading industry, the Ice Cold Cream Company, the manufacturer of the world's best freckle remover. Myrtle Metcalf and Eileen Strauss had charge of the company's offices.

Warkentien, Stults and Lahr were the country's leading firm of civil engineers. The members of the firm attributed their phenomenal success to the fact that they always went to Africa during Leap Year.

Thomas Wheeler had been appointed consul-general to Iceland, and was now at his post of duty with his wife, Pauline Mahoney. Newell led X—— to believe that Senator Palmer's wife, formerly Dorothy Mullin, had had a lot to do with this appointment.

By this time Huntington High had retired Simpson High to the list of has-beens, by a score of 31 to 14. At Six o'clock Huntington would have to meet Walla Walla High, of Walla Walla, Washington. If H. H. S. won this game, the alumni could support their alma mater in the semifinals.

After the game X—— had the principal of Huntington High School come and sit beside him on the Press bench. The principal was now Merrill Ruble, a grad of '24, he told X—— of the destinies of other of their fellow grads. Erma Burton, was now president of some large eastern woman's college of international reputation. Her scholarly essays and poems had caused the world to sit up and take notice. X—— was not at all surprised at her position in the world. Anyone could have foretold this from the way in which the literary contents of the 1924 Modulus were handled.

Nellie Hammel was preceptress of Upland University and frequently toured the country in behalf of the Anti-Cigaret League. Velma Van Dine, popularly known throughout the country as "the little brick yard blond", now crowded the chatauqua auditoriums with her great lecture

on "Debating and Oratorical Contests as the Remedy for Jaded Youth."

Burdette Redding and Nondas Rudig were now man and wife. Both were members of the Philadelphia Philarmonic Orchestra. John Whitelock, now that he had won the heart of Velda Shroyer, was a prominent grocer. Gerald Saal and Irene Sands were prominent and popular members of Warren society. Gerald still wore the hat that had made him famous as a high school senior.

Allie Davis and Marion Vandine were collecting and editing an anthology of 4-I and 4-II English answers as given by Mr. Byers.

Harold Thompson and Marvel Shultz were touring the world. Their intent was to popularize the famous little ditty written by Genevieve Gaskin, the great opera star. The title of this lyrical ballad was "When My Shoes Wear Out I'll Be On My Feet Again."

Berneice Lobdell was cornet soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Captain Harold Kindler of the ocean liner "Oriole" frequently stopped in Boston to hear Berneice play.

According to the principal, the movies were well represented by the class of '24, for in addition to Clarence Roe, Geraldine Kronmiller, Mildred Hoover, and Olive Amiss were all performers on the silver sheet. Then, too, Henry Ewing and Parham Kelly had long been starring for the "Famous-Players Corporation." They had featured in such super spectacles as "Barney and Sparky, a Melodram of the Historic Derby Days" and Horation on the Bridge", Parham being so popular as to be called the "Hoosier Romeo".

Helen Rittenhouse and Thelma Morgan were the wives of missionaries to Nepal. Talmage Thompson and Maurice Smetzer were the missionaries. Helen Hosler and Neil Crull were now Mr. and Mrs. Crull. Helen had continued her musical career, being now with the San Carlos Grand Opera Company. Neil sang in the chorus and played baseball with the Indianapolis Indians on the side.

Huntington High's basketeers had again taken the floor at six o'clock and had whaled the Walla Walla Wallopers to the tune of 19 to 16. Yet it was the closest game of the tourney for Huntington so far. The Hoosiers would now meet Latter Day Saints High School of Salt Lake City in the semi-finals on the next afternoon.

Parting from Mr. Ruble, the writer returned uptown. The next afternoon he found himself sitting beside Logan Lehman, the nationally known president of the Roofing Trades Association. Logan was as friendly and courteous as ever and was glad to help X—— in the latter's biographical research.

Virgil Dinius and Beulah Class were happy together, Virgil being a skilled mechanic. Virginia Doudna with Ruby Weller as assistant was corresponding secretary of Aristos Society International. Eugene Bartaway and Beatrice Bayless had gone into partnership and were very successful as scientific farmers.

Damon Vought's cafeteria now did a rushing business, due chiefly to

(Continued on Page 127)

FINIMUS SED INCIPERE

By Adena Aldridge

We have come to a bend in the road of our lives,
And we pause where the pathway turns out,
And we stop as we think of our long happy past,
And we sigh as we now look about.

For a half of a score of long years we have trod
The hard path that has led to the school;
We have thought that our tasks were so hard we would fail,
Now we see they were only a tool.

Just a tool for our use as we climb life's long road:
Our success on our knowledge depends,
So the more we can get, that much more we can give,
And our gifts to the world prove our ends.

For we get out of life just as much as we give,
No more and no less is allowed;
We must think of our giving and not of our gift,
It's to this that the world long has bowed.

And so now, as we stand, all alone, at the bend,
We all know that you gave us the best.
Though it seemed we would sink, yet we knew we would not,
At the end we were sure there was rest.

We all know that through life, "We finish but to begin,"
And if both are done best, never fear.
Now may we prove true to the lesson you taught,
H. H. S., Red and Black, school so dear.

Junior

MARY JONES '24

JUNIORS

Ade, Thelma
Adams, Ray
Andrews, Mary
Buckingham, Clyde
Ball, James
Bell, Eldon
Briggs, Irene
Blackburn, Eva
Bailey, Vaughn
Bailey, Berdean
Bell, Walter
Beeson, Margaret
Brading, Rome
Bucher, Eldon
Brown, Zelma
Bowman, Leon
Buzzard, Vivian
Bailey, Hazel
Buzzard, Avis
Creager, Murray
Conyers, Esther
Chalmers, Mary
Chambers, Dwight
Cline, Robert
Cappels, Lurella
Carr, Josephine
Class, Hilda
Cutshall, Katherine
Coolman, Homezell
Diffenbaugh, Harold
Ditzler, Edward
Dixon, Earl
Drummond, Alba
Eisenhauer, Adeline
Foust, Wilbur
Fair, Ruth
Felton, Florence
Fruit, Mabel
Fulton, Ruth
Garretson, Zelda
Goldner, Vincent
Glosser, Dorothy
Goshorn, Catherine
Griffith, Olive
Grayston, Truman
Goshorn, Everett
Greider, Ernest
Hartt Geraldine
Harlow, Hayden
Heiney, Wesley
Herzog, Wilbur
Holley, Clare
Hanauer, Berneice
Hardin, Louise
Hawkins, Elizabeth
Holabird, Martha
Huffman, Marjorie
Jackson, Helen
Jarvis, Dorothy
Kenner, Letitia
Kiracofe, Melville
Keller, Kenneth
Kahn, Dorothy
Kiser, Catherine
Kline, May
Kriegbaum, Howard
Kuntz, Paul
Kindy, Neil
Lett, Pansy
LaBarr Nelson
Lahr, Leslie
Lucas, Glenn
Lowman, Martha
Lucas, Claire
Little, Charles
McCrum, Iva
May, Martha
May, Miriam
Miller, Helen
Motz, Leatha
Mahoney, Kenneth
Montague, Harry
Nauss, Rudolph
Nevius, Walter
Newell, Carl
Neuer, Josephine
Nicholson, Arthur
Ott, John
Orr, Mark
Parvin, Mildred
Pauling, Ruth
Peters, Dorothy
Peting, Pauline
Pfeiffer, Raymond
Pinkerton, Gladys
Phillips, Cameron
Pinkerton, Fred
Poling, William
Pratt, Raymond
Rankin, Ethel
Reed, Virginia
Robb, Kathryn
Ryan, Marion
Smith, Harold
Snyder, Alice
Stults, Glenn
Short, Martha
Shideler, Harry
Sanders, Ira
Scott, Clarence
Shock, Dale
Skinner, Robert
Smith, Emerson
Stouder, Dale
Streseman, George
Strodel, William
Shearer, Edna
Sellers, Dorothy
Shipley, Florence
Shipley, Opal
Shultz, Mary
Swank, Vera
Siegmund, Virginia
Slagal, Avanella
Stewart, Juanita
Stults, Kathryn
Swan, Henrietta
Scudder, Elizabeth
Scudder, Arthur
Scott, Kenneth
Tillman, Burl
Tucker, Doris
Tribolet, Clifford
Ulrich, Venda
Van Pelt, Irene
Wolf, Maurice
Weber, James
Weber, Thelma
Wendle, Irene
Wells, Maynard
Williams, Rollin
Wiseman, Lawrence
Whitelock, Florence
Wilson, Gladys
Wood, Louise
Wynn, Berniece
Zahn, Raymond
Zintsmaster, Lester
Zent, Vera
Young, Walter

THE JUNIORS

Everyone admits that the Junior class is a "real class". The boys cannot be surpassed as athletes, for they have unlimited "pep" in basket ball. However, they do not greatly overshadow the girls who, besides playing basket ball and winning the inter-class tourney, are both good looking and brilliant.

The Juniors started their class organization early in the year and on November 22, 1923, the following officers were elected: president, James Weber; vice-president, Rudolph Nauss; secretary, Ruth Fulton; treasurer, Dorothy Sellers; and faculty advisor, Miss Ewing.

Some of our best members have held enviable positions on the Debating team, in the Aristos Society, and in the Honor Society. Others have been leading figures in the Sunshine Society and have given much time to the welfare of the school. We have reasons to be proud of such Juniors, and we look forward to next year when they shall fill places of great responsibility as Seniors.

As Freshmen we went through the usual preliminary stages of development and our chief ambition was to keep out of the way of the Seniors successfully. Memory reminds us that we even tried to avoid passing them in the halls. As Sophomores, we endeavored to gain some degree of self-confidence and to catch a vision of what high opportunities really mean to an ambitious student. As Juniors, we have tried to fulfill some of our cherished dreams.

Our class advisor, Miss Ewing, has done much for the class. Under her supervision, the class activities and funds were started early in the fall, and by means of refreshment booths at the District Tournament and at basket ball games, the finances have made regular jumps in our bank book. On December 14, a party was held in the club room. The next party was a Junior-Senior affair at the Stults' home on Mishler Road. Many good times have been enjoyed at this home and we owe very much to those who have entertained us.

The last and greatest of our achievements was the Junior-Senior Reception, which had to be pretty and original for such an unusual class! Our motto was "Something new and different." The decoration for our reception was under the supervision of Strodel's art department. The affair was held in the gymnasium on May 20, and was the biggest social affair of the year.

Another thing which puts our class in the "limelight" is the fact that we have individual pictures in the Modulus. This makes us feel a tiny bit like Seniors. Next year we will be prepared to take up our duties as Seniors and add to the accomplishments of Huntington High School; then when we graduate we hope to be remembered as a class with power to succeed.

Ruth Fulton.

SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

With two years of beneficial high school experience, and two years of splendid opportunities ahead of them, the Sophomores feel that they hold an envied position in the school.

The Sophomores have attempted to do their part in honoring and upholding the name which has been handed down to them untarnished. The members have shown a fine spirit of co-operation in boosting the activities of the school.

The fighting spirit of the class was manifested in the Inter-Class basket ball tournament. In the final game of the tourney, the Sophomores defeated the Seniors, after a thrilling contest.

After the basket ball season, the class turned its attention to the Annual Party. This proved a great success. It was held in the high school gymnasium where seventy-five boys and girls played games and listened to a delightful program, given by members of the class.

With this spirit we hope some day to make the best Senior Class yet.

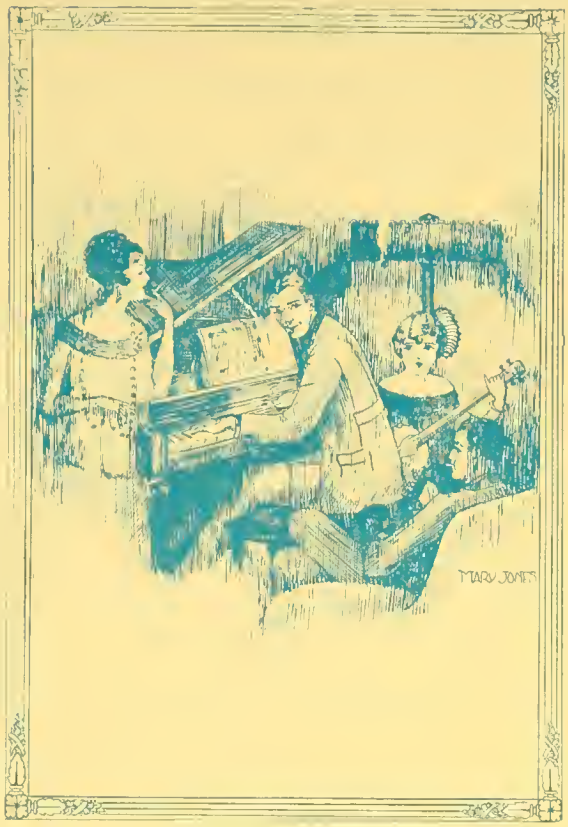
Lela Reeb.

SOPHOMORE

Allen, Cecile
Allen, Dessie
Anson, Bert
Bailey, Mary
Banister, Glenn
Bayman, Vesta
Beaver, Bessie
Beaver, Ruth
Bell, Magdalena
Blockson, Betty
Bonbrake, Wallace
Brahs, Fred
Brahs, Mildred
Briggs, Joe
Bucher, Clayton
Burgett, Helen
Burgett, Doris
Burnworth, Edward
Buzzard, Anna
Cain, Allen
Carey, Fred
Carroll, Virgil
Cochran, Paul
Cole, Harry
Conkle, Pauline
Coolman, Inez
Cussen, Berniece
Davis, Lorene
Derr, Joseph
Dille, Brice
Dolby, Dewaine
Dubbs, Thelma
Dumbauld, Mary
Ehresman, Mary
Enos, Charles
Enyeart, Ruby
Ertzinger, George
Fetters, Edna
First, Elsie Mae
Fox, Kenneth
Frost, Eugene
Frost, Frances
Fruit, Kenneth
Fuller, Harold
Gemmer, Armond
Gierhart, Margaret
Goble, Margaret
Griffith, John
Griffith, Olive
Grossman, Miriam
Hammel, Dale
Haneline, Velma
Harper, De Witt
Helvie, Geneva
Hern, Erma Mae
Hillegas, Inez
Hochstetler, Thelma
Holbrook, Frances
Hosler, Isabel
Howenstine, Elma
Hummer, Earl
Johnson, Lester
Jung, Lenhart
Kaufman, Eloise
Kennedy, Pauline
Kilty, Pauline
Kizer, Benjamin
Klinger, Wilbur
Kramien, Lowell
Krause, Herbert
Krebs, Maurice
Kreiger, Thelma
Kreisher, Claretta
Lehman, Ernest
Lehman, Maebelle
Lenwell, Thelma
Lesh, Joseph
Lewis, Esther
Little, Charles
Long, Esther
Mahoney, Margaret
Mason, Charles
Mason, James
McClintock, John
McKee, Martha
McNabb, Helen
Mead Berniece
Middaugh, Adah
Mikesell, Laura
Miller, Donald
Miller, Sylvia Mae
Moore, Margaret
Newell, Carl
Nie, Lucile
Passwater, Lee
Pastor, Helen
Pearman, Emma
Peters, Ruth
Pfeiffer, Raymond
Piepenbrink, June
Pitrucell, John
Pitrucell, Joseph
Pitser, Glen
Poe, Lewis
Redrup, Caroline Rose
Reeb, Lela
Repp, Meredith
Robb, Maxine
Robertson, Betty
Rosen, Nellie
Rosenberry, Kathryn
Sands, Thelma
Satterthwaite, Richard
Savage, Madalyn
Schenkel, Paul
Sharp, Loretta
Shaw, Fred
Shippy, Robert
Smith, Dean
Stewart, Esther
Stresemann, Margaret
Stumm, Eugenia
Swihart, Mary Evelyn
Tillman, Mildred
Tomlinson, Mabel
Tuxworth, Elizabeth
Van Antwerp, Murray
Vandine, Opal
Walker, Virginia
Williams, Helen
Wineke, Violet
Wise, Thomas
Wertenberger, James
Welker, Helen
Wechsler, Clifford
Wright, Lucile
Yarger, Francis
Young, Robert
Zinn, Abram

FRESHMEN

Ade, Ray
Baumann, Mae
Beaubien, Cecilia
Bechstein, Henry
Beeks, Rhoda
Beghtel, Carl
Blackburn, Devon
Blackford, Wilma
Bolinger, Everett
Bonbrake, Robert
Booth, William
Bowers, Dorothy
Brown, Bernadine
Butts, Orval
Carr, June
Carroll, Walter
Chalfant, Laura Lee
Chesterman, Kenneth
Christ, Allen
Christ, June
Coble, Marvin
Cone, Gerald
Crago, Kenneth
Craig, Calvert
Cussen, Robert
DePoy, Norville
Dolby, Walter
Dolson, Martha
Dungan, Jesse
Enyeart, Elmer,
Eubank, Garl
Fisher, Helen
Fisher, Truman
Flower, Terence
Forster, June
Foster, Claribel
France, Tressia
Freechafer, Lytle
Gardner, Blaine
Gardner, Dorothy
Gattshall, Ethola
Gibson, James
Goshorn, John
Grass, Louise
Grossham, Gail
Hardin, Opal
Hartman, Evelyn
Hartman, Wade
Grice, Archie
Heaston, Loraine
Heeter, Berniece
Heeter, Sam
Hefner, Delores
Heiney, Catherine
Helton, Hazel
Henricks, George
Herendeen, Donald
Herzog, Eloise
Herzog, George
Hoch, Ralph
Hockensmith, Howard
Hoffman, Reece
Hoover, Margaret
Hosler, Pauline
Hough, Margaret
Hummer, Glenn
Hurdle, Elzie
Jennings, Alice
Jennings, Cora
Johnson, Lena
Jordan, George
Kelly, Keith
Kindler, Donald
Kiracofe, Robert
Kithcart, Maurice
Kitt, Lyman
Kocher, Mary
Landfert, Louise
Lewis, Josephine
Lewis, Maybelle
Lewis, Thelma
Logie, James
Logie, William
Lynn, Lucile
March, Everette
Mayne, Charles
McClellan, Gertrude
McClintock, Jeanette
McNally, Arthur
Miller, George
Moore, Edwin
Moore, Edwin
Morrett, Mary
Mostler, Martha
Mote, Grace
Murphy, William
Myers, Gordon
Nolan, Walter
Nowels, Zelma
Oakley, James
Obenour, Pearl
Parker, Mildred
Patten, Thela
Piepenbrink, Helen
Piepenbrink, Melvin
Pohlers, Richard
Potts, Wilma
Pratt, Carl
Pressel, Dorothea
Prine, Evelyn
Reed, Frank
Renner, Helen
Reifert, Naomi
Rinebolt, Guy
Rudig, Arthur
Rupright, Harold
Ryan, Jeanette Loretta
Satterthwaite, Charles
Scheerer, Dorothy
Scheiber, Virginia
Schenkel, Nicholas
Schooley, Lucreta
Seeley, Lewis
Sell, Velma
Shafer, James
Sheets, Donald
Shideler, Donald
Shideler, Omer
Shields, Richard
Shobe, Genevieve
Shroyer, William
Smith, Burton
Smith, Florence
Smith, Fred
Smith, Gerald
Smith, Mildred
Souers, Leon,
Steele, Dick
Strader, Dorothy
Stroud, Winifred
Swain, Arthur
Swartz, Russell
Thorn, Willard
Timmons, Helen
Ulrey, Madelyn
Ulrich, Kenneth
Ulrich, Mary
Ulrich, Virginia
Unger, Harry
Urshel, Freida
Utter, Colleen
Van Pelt, Marion
Vought, Lee
Waikel, Elmer
Walton, Hazel
Weaver, Dale
Webster, Gaylord
Wike, Erith
Wiles, Alice
Williams, Ruth
Wiseman, Edith
Wood, Audrey
Winkleman, Marguerite
Young, Floyd
Young, Wheeler
Zahn, Raymond
Zook, Opal

FRESHMAN

Activities

AUTOGRAPHS

THE STAGE

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"

The Senior class play for this year, "Come Out of the Kitchen," was presented with great success. It was produced under the direction of Mrs. Knowlton Kelsey, assisted by a faculty committee consisting of Principal C. E. Byers, Miss Anne Koch, and Miss Emma Kline, and the following members of the Senior class: William Yergens, Mary Elizabeth Pratt, Dorothy Mullin, and Mark Smith.

"Come Out Of the Kitchen" is a charming comedy of three acts, adapted by A. E. Thomas from a story of the same title by Alice Duer Miller. It is a most ingenious and entertaining play, holding the attention and interest of the audience from the time the curtain rises until it falls at the close of the last scene.

As the story goes, the four young Dangerfields were hard pressed for money and a scheme was devised by the attractive and practical Miss Olivia to rent their great southern home for a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Dangerfield had gone to Europe where Mr. Dangerfield was seeking to regain his health. The children were trying anxiously to make a "go" of affairs in their parents' absence, and Olivia's plan seemed to be the most hopeful means whereby their difficulty could be solved. The stipulation of the lease called for four white servants and those were to be had only from another city. Bad luck seemed to surround them everywhere and the servants did not arrive—but the lessee did. Nothing could be done according to Miss Olivia, unless the four young people, themselves, should take the place of the four servants. After due persuasion and much argument, they agreed upon the following plan:—Miss Olivia was to assume the role of the Irish cook; Elizabeth was finally convinced that she could act as chambermaid; Paul took upon himself the duties of the butler, and Charles was obliged to assume the office of chore-boy. Great were their

difficulties, but of course all ended happily. Word was received from Mr. Dangerfield to the effect that he had recovered sufficiently to return soon, together with their mother, and the lessee had meanwhile fallen in love with Olivia as she played the part of an Irish cook. It is needless to add that future happiness for them was assured.

Pauline Mahoney displayed great cleverness as she assumed the role of one engaged in culinary duties. Her adaptability was revealed in the fact that she spoke the marked brogue, characteristic of her part, with a great readiness, and it was these little things which determined her success as leading lady.

Dorothy Shock, in playing as Elizabeth Dangerfield, acted with ease. She had a pleasing degree of stage presence and commanded the attention of the audience with her ability to affect the manners characteristic of the character she strove to portray.

Mary Jones carried away high honors with her acting in the role of Mrs. Faulkner, a haughty widowed mother who came south as a guest of Burton Crare. She was exceedingly dignified and overbearing in her attitude toward all as she plotted the successful marriage of her daughter, much to the latter's unhappiness.

Donna Zent, as Cora Faulkner, the charming young daughter who was in love with the wrong man, according to the taste of her mother, played her part well.

We were amused to see Martha Cotton playing the role of Olivia's black mammy. She bobbed into the story quite frequently, producing much laughter with the broad southern dialect and appearance of a typical negro.

The leading man was, to be sure, most skillful in assuming the dignity and air of high culture characteristic of Burton Crane, the northern

man who caused all the trouble by wanting to lease the southern home and employ northern servants. Throughout the play Charles Halsey contributed to the idealism of the drama and retained a pleasing degree of poise in doing so. Congratulations, Charles.

Arthur Palmer, acting as the rich attorney from the north who was disagreeable to the servants and always in the way, carried his part very consistently. He was able to portray his assumed disposition under every circumstance.

The role of the butler and of Paul Dangerfield, the older brother who was forced into this household duty, was played by Norman Poinier, and caused much favorable comment. He made a very efficient butler and contributed greatly to the success of the play.

Abundant humor was exemplified in the character of Charles Dangerfield, the chore boy and useful man who was especially conspicuous because of his ability to break dishes. Joe Hollis filled this place in the play well and attended to every feature of it with interest.

Cassius Keller, alias Thomas Lefferts, the statistical poet and the "wrong man", took upon himself the airs of a typical man of letters, whose mind is, for the most part, concentrated upon his work alone, as he holds himself somewhat aloof from the social indulgences of his friends. But Mr. Lefferts revealed another side of his nature—oh yes! He found great favor in the sight of Cora Faulkner but alas, how we sympathized with him when he was exposed to the attacks of Amanda, the negro mammy!

The fall of the curtain at the end found us in a mood of joy and contentment. The only disappointment which we experienced was that the characters had "Come Out of the Kitchen" too quickly for us who could have enjoyed the acting for two hours more without becoming tired. The charm of it all is a memory which will remain in our minds as a bright feature of our High School history.

—o—

JIM KISER

We had a hard time classifying Jim, he is so eternally mixed up in all the high school functions that it is exceedingly difficult to separate him from any one of them and call that his work. We finally decided to place him under the classification of Activities for in fact Jim is about one of the most active men in high school. He is a friend of everyone, and everyone manages to keep him busy.

ORCHESTRA

The High School Orchestra has attained a high standard during the past year under the leadership of Mr. McCabe Day, whose efforts increased the orchestra in number as well as in ability.

It has furnished entertainment on many occasions, proving a great help in the high school plays which were given during the year. Members of the orchestra have always been ready and willing to do their bit to boost the school.

1st. Violins

Armond Gemmer
Robert Cline
William Narrance
Lenore Redding
Iva McCrum
Jeannette McClintock
Irene Van Pelt
Fred Pinkerton
Calvert Craig

2nd Violins

Hilda Class
Maurice Smetzer
Lurella Cappels
Janet Jacobson
Margaret Mahoney
Damon Voght
Guy Rinebolt
Joe Lesh

2nd Cornets

Mark Smith
Emerson Smith

Piccolo

Paul Morse

1st Clarinets

Russell Rittgers
Lenhart Jung
Maurice Bannister

2ndClarinets

Ray Adams
Neil Crull
Arthur Scudder
Walter Young
James Oakley

1st Cornets

Berniece Lobdell
Norman Poinier
Melville Kiracofe

Piano

Kathryn Juillerat

BUL BUL

Two record audiences were delightfully entertained Thursday and Friday evenings, March 27th and 28th, by the presentation of the Operetta, "Bul Bul" (the Persian term for Nightingale), and the play fully lived up to its name. The Operetta was given under the careful supervision of Mrs. Branyan, instructor of the music classes of the High School, assisted by Mr. Day (director of the Orchestra), and Miss Erma Mae Hern (Aesthetic Interpreter).

The cast was chosen entirely from the chorus classes; the Orchestra, consisting for the most part of the members of the regular High School Symphony, also played a big part by furnishing all the musical accompaniment. The Operetta, as a whole, was very clever and possessed a rather unusual plot.

As the story goes, His Majesty, the Mild Mannered Monarch, has arranged for the marriage of his beautiful daughter, Bul Bul, to the noble Prince Caspian. While waiting for the Prince to arrive, the Princess' heart is won by a handsome Perfume Peddler, and a dark future seems inevitable. In the meantime the King, in his excitement during the preparations for Bul Bul's marriage to the Prince, makes the bold promise that any lady of the court might ask any man to marry her and he would have to say "Yes."

When the Prince fails to show up and the Princess is missing, many a tense moment is passed. Then, when all is mystery, the Princess, as a lady of the court, seeks the fulfillment of her father's promise and asks the man she loves to marry her. The wily Court Chaperon follows suit and coquettishly gains the fussy little King, despite his continuous utterance of "Mush!" a scene which leaves a good, humorous taste in the mouths of the onlookers.

All turns out well, for the peddler is the Prince, who disguised himself so as to gain the sincere love of the Princess.

In addition to the clever plot, the program was sprinkled with many beautiful solos and fine choruses. The principal characters took their parts especially well: Paul Morse, representing the fussy monarch, Iamit, always aroused a hearty laugh from the audience by his excellent portrayal of a doting father, a lady killer, and a mild mannered monarch. Besides the humorous side of his disposition Paul could, in tense moments, command the attention of the members of the audience so that one might hear numerous "Oh's" and "Ah's," representing their appreciation.

The part of Bul Bul, the beautiful daughter for whom such a dark future was first foreseen, was taken by Miss Helen Hosler. Her pretty solos, accompanied by soft music and dim lights, telling of her mournful fate, thrilled the audience. Miss Hosler also displayed splendid dramatic ability, acting as only a true Princess could, being reserved and lady-like at all times .

Harold Thompson played opposite Miss Hosler and kept pace accordingly. His ability to act as a peddler and then quickly change to the role of a prince, was especially outstanding. He, too, thrilled the audience and it seemed that the younger generation of the fairer sex were immediate victims of his good looks. Fine work, "Hon."

Erma Burton, as Ida, the Court Chaperon, brought many a laugh to the audience. She continually played towards the King and finally won him, though we will not stop now to describe the methods she used. Miss Burton had a very difficult part to play, but she succeeded in "putting it across" in fine shape. Her stately carriage appropriately fitted her duties as the Court Chaperon, which were seeing that no one stayed out late, flirted unduly, etc., and yet her flirtations with the King caused many to smile at her dual disposition.

(Continued on page 129)

DEBATING

For the first time in many years Huntington High School engaged actively in inter-high school forensics during 1923-1924. The North-East Indiana Debating League was formed by several schools in this section, Huntington being one. Each of the two teams engaged in four debates on the subject, "Resolved: that the United States should enter the League of Nations without reservations." Of these the affirmative won three and the negative broke even, gaining a good second position for the school in the league composed of five high schools. The negative team engaged in extra debate with Central Catholic High School, of Ft. Wayne, in which the sermonizing type of speaking seemed to convince the judges. The scores were as follows:

Affirmative Team		Negative Team	
H. H. S.	3	Ft. Wayne Central	0
H. H. S.	3	Ft. Wayne South	0
H. H. S.	1	New Haven	2
H. H. S.	2	Leo	1
Leo	1	H. H. S.	2
New Haven	3	H. H. S.	0
Ft. Wayne S. S.	1	H. H. S.	2
Ft. Wayne C.	2	H. H. S.	1
Ft. WayneC. C.	2	H. H. S.	1

(Continued on Page 162)

ORGANIZATIONS

MARY JONES '24

THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

In 1900 the first form of an honor society was started in California. Since that time many high schools in the United States have created their own forms of honor systems, but it was not until 1919 that the first plans were laid for the present National Society. Two years later, more definite steps were taken, which resulted in framing the National Constitution. All previous honor societies had been based on scholarship only, but after considerable discussion the originators of the National Society fixed upon Character, Leadership, Scholarship, and Service, as the fundamental virtues most useful to society, and therefore most worthy of encouragement.

The Honor Society enables those who are not athletically inclined to receive recognition as scholars and leaders, while at the same time it sets a goal at which students in the future can aim.

The local chapter was organized in May, 1922, when twenty-eight members were elected, and in May, 1923, eighteen more were added.

The following members are Graduates of '24:

Maurice Banister	Jeanette Sale	Maurice Smetzer
Nellie Hammel	Richard Weybright	Velma Van Dine
Mary Pratt	Merrill Ruble	Edith Heck
Joe Hollis	Helen Slater	John Whitelock
Mary Miller	Edith Gordon	Neil Crull
Erma Burton	Austin Schell	Ruby Weller

BOYS' BIBLE SOCIETY

GIRLS' BIBLE SOCIETY

HI-Y CLUB

by Brice Ware

The Huntington Hi-Y Club is one of more than eleven hundred such organizations in North America.

The local club was organized three years ago by J. A. Kramien and includes boys who are Juniors and Seniors in High School.

The purpose of the club is the creation, maintenance, and extension of Christian character in the local High School and community. In other words, the Hi-Y Club stands for clean living, clean speech, clean sports, and clean scholarship.

Mr. J. A. Kramien is the leader, and the club is sponsored by members of the High School faculty. The meetings are held every Thursday night, when after supper in the club rooms the members retire to the reading room for the usual business meeting. This is followed by a talk by some successful business or professional man.

During the year there are several social features for the enjoyment of the members. One of these is the Mother and Son banquet, to which all the boys bring their mothers. There are talks by the fellows, and some of the mothers also give short addresses. These banquets are especially enjoyed by the fellows. Another delightful occasion is the Father and Son banquet which is attended largely by the men and boys of Huntington. Short talks are given by some of the men, but the principal speaker is often an out-of-town guest. During the year the club also gives a banquet for the athletic teams in the High School. But the main feature of the year for most fellows is Ladies' Night' Night, when every fellow brings his girl. An excellent dinner is served at six thirty and afterwards short talks are enjoyed by all. After this banquet one more meeting is held for the election of officers—then the club adjourns until the opening of the school year.

ARISTOS SOCIETY

Suggestive of the purpose of this Society is the artistic name by which it is known. Aristos, a name of Greek derivation, meaning perfection, has been adopted, and "Perfection through expression" is the motto of this newly formed society.

The purpose of this society is threefold: first, to promote; second, to apply; and third, to appreciate the varied interests of the Huntington High School .

Any student of Huntington High School may become a member of this organization by complying with the conditions set forth in the By-Laws.

At the beginning of the year, after Mr. McCabe Day had been chosen as faculty advisor, thirteen members signed the constitution, which had been submitted by the Constitutional Committee, and became known as the charter members of the Society. During the first semester the Society was active under the following officers elected by the members:President, James Weber; vice-president, Merrill Ruble; secretary-treasurer, Paul Morse; and Mr. McCabe Day, Critic. This semester the following people filled the respective offices: Paul Morse, president; Merrill Ruble, vice-president; Velma Van Dine, secretary-treasurer;and Mr. McCabe Day, Critic. We are also proud to have Miss Moore and Miss Cage as honorary members of our Society, and we extend an invitation of membership to any of the faculty who are particularly interested in the work of the Society.

The meetings of the Aristos are entertaining and instructive. Music, painting, and literature are the chief arts studied by the Society, and much diversion is gained through Parliamentary Law Practice.

Dainty pins have been ordered for the Society and we trust the sturents of the Huntington High School will be honored in wearing these.

All who desire to experience a thrilling initiation are cordially invited to join.

Velma Van Dine.

SUNSHINE SOCIETY

It has been said that a good cause never dies. The Sunshine Society is quite old and has sometimes been somewhat idle but it has never died since it was first organized. In the early part of the first term a meeting of the organization was called and the following officers were elected: Jane Barnhisel, president; Alice Snider, vice-president; Elizabeth Scudder, secretary; Ruby Weller, treasurer. The first work the girls accomplished was the making and selling of over three hundred black and red pom-pons, which made a most artistic effect and stirred up some pep.

The Society has rendered valuable service in conducting the Girls' Bible Classes, and also in maintaining the Lost and Found department.

A "Kid Party", giving vent to the childish instinct which lies suppressed in the High School girls, was held on the night of April 4th. The girls were clad in the attire of the little folks and childish "eats" of lollypops, ice-cream cones, and animal crackers were relished by all.

A basket ball tournament was played under the leadership of Mrs. McCrum as coach. The games, six in number, were heartily enjoyed by those who attended, at which the all powerful Junior First's won the honors of the tournament, being the victorious team.

The Freshmen were initiated into our Society by wearing a beautiful green hair-bow or band on St. Patrick's Day.

A Leap Year Banquet was given in the club room on April 24th.

Tell me not, O ye forsaken,
That the Sunshine days are o'er
For, the little sparkling sunbeams
We are needing more and more.

They are bright! They are gleaming!
And are scattered everywhere,
But where they are the brightest
Is inside the outside stair.

Lose no chances, how'er trifling,
For they come not every day,
When you see a place that's needy—
Scatter Sunbeams all the way.

Let us then be up and doing
With a ready, shining heart,
Be a sport in fun; and strive
In duty to do your part.

—Ruby Weller.

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STATE CONTEST

Recognizing the value of competition to increase the interest in and to raise the standard of work done, a few years ago the commercial teachers of Indiana High Schools inaugurated a Shorthand and Typewriting contest to be held annually under the auspices of the Department of Commerce, Ball's Teacher's College, Muncie, Indiana. This contest was to consist of four events: novice, and amateur typewriting, and beginning and advanced shorthand. Medals were to be given to the three students scoring highest in each event and cups to the schools whose teams scored the highest.

In 1923, this contest was so large (largest in the United States) it was deemed advisable to conduct district contests in future years, with the winners of each district going to the State, at Muncie. In addition to this change, penmanship was added to the other events.

Fourteen districts were selected for the 1924 Contest. Huntington High school, placed in the Ft. Wayne District Contest held April 26, entered teams for four events: Novice and amateur typewriting, advanced shorthand and penmanship.

TYPEWRITING

In the typewriting department this year, old equipment was replaced by new, and several machines were added. We now have a total of twenty-seven machines, benefiting one hundred and thirty-five students.

The greater value of touch typing in comparison with the old method of sight typing has been fully recognized . In order to further the touch method, the school board this year installed keyboard shields which not only prevent sight typing, but aid and promote concentration upon copy material and rhythm of touch.

For the first time, Huntington High School entered typing teams in the district contest. These teams were composed of the following contestants: Novice class—Opal Shipley, Ruth Pauling, Irene Van Pelt, Paul Kunze, Pauline Mahoney and Hilda Class. Amateur class—Kathryn Juillerat, Helen Hosler, Nondas Huyette, Rowena Reetz, Eileen Strauss and Janet Jacobson.

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SHORTHAND

The standard for the advanced dictation was set at ninety words per minute on literary matter and one hundred and five on straight business matter with three minutes of dictation for each and forty-five given for typewritten transcription.

The elimination class tests resulted in the following being elected for the team: Helen Slater, Helen Hosler, Rowena Reetz, Edna Brown, Annabelle Cain and Georgia McConkey.

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PENMANSHIP

"Beautiful penmanship, like elocution or music, is an accomplishment that naturally attracts all people of refinement."

Taking the above quotation as an example, we see the need of this long lost art each day in the high school. Penmanship to most people means nothing, but once a student of it, any person realizes the necessity of making it a successful study.

We often hear business men censure the handwriting of high school students. There is no excuse for poor writing, so this subject must be brought up to the standard of other subjects in the school curriculum.

The first incentive is to make the pupil see the need of penmanship. Second is the pleasure derived from his own efforts, and third, practice makes perfect, "For the hand oft' proclaims the mind."

The people representing the penmanship department in the contest were Emmet Cozad, Logan Lehman, Beulah Chalfant, Alice Jennings, Thelma Morgan and Edna Brown.

Athletics

AUTOGRAPHS

Mary Catherine Miller '24

Robert Bruce

Vivian Bizzard.

Eldon Bucher.

COACHES

CLARENCE B. STEMEN

WENDALL H. KINSEY

The achievements of our athletic teams in all the branches of sports have been due in a great part to the coaching of these two men. Mr. Stemen left us in the first part of our second term and Mr. Kinsey assumed the responsibility of coach. He has carried on the work of Mr. Stemen admirably well and we are sincerely grateful to both of them for their earnest effort.

YELL LEADERS

FOOTBALL

by "Cotton"

For the second season within the last ten years Huntington High School put a football team on the field. When the call for football was posted, over thirty-five men responded. Among these were some who had played the year before. By the time the season was started, this squad had narrowed down to about twenty-five men. Owing to the limited number of candidates there were no cuts made.

This was the first season for the Wabash Valley Football League and the season was very successful. The schedule was so arranged that each team had one game with every other member of the league. Peru won the cup by a safe margin. This league will flourish next year according to all indications.

Considering that this was only our second year at football we did very well. Eight games in all were played, and out of these we won two and lost six. The strongest teams in the state were among those on the schedule and to the team goes the credit of doing as well as they did. Logansport and Columbia City were the victims, while Huntington was defeated by Peru, Decatur, Warsaw, Marion, South Side of Ft. Wayne and Central Catholic of Ft. Wayne.

We were remarkably lucky in going through the season without a serious accident. Frost had two fingers broken in the South Side game, but beyond some knocks and bruises, the rest of the team escaped without a scratch.

The Homecoming game with Marion was the largest attended game of the year. Most of the business houses in town were closed during the game, so that their employees might attend the game. Before the game there was a mammoth parade formed, in which the team and the High School band held a prominent place. Much enthusiasm was shown in spite of the fact that the game was slowed up considerably by the mud. A light sprinkling rain fell during part of the game and somewhat dampened the ardor of the rooters. If the fans would only support the team every game as they did the last game, football in Huntington High School would be raised considerably above the plane of High School athletics.

Prospects for next season's team are very good. We lose several good men by graduation but there is a wealth of material with which to fill their places.

Hutington placed several men on the Wabash Valley League team; these men were Bucher, Roe, W. Newell, and Frost. This is to be considered a very well earned honor, on account of the amount of competition.

The players who played the three full games and received letters are as follows:

Bucher	Herzog	Hummer
Newell, W.	Zahm	Stults
Smith, H.	Murphy	Frost
Harlow	Batteiger	Beck
Roe	Dinius	Gaskin
Montague	Newell	

Dec. 1—Here

Warren—17 **Huntington 16**

Yep! Looks bad I'll admit, but it couldn't be helped. The team has had only a little practice and it seemed that they were not able to pull together. We carried the lead to within a few minutes of the finish, then Warren dropped in a field goal and chalked up a one point lead. The gun cracked with Huntington in the hole one point. Just wait till the tournament.

Dec. 6—There

North Manchester—12 **Huntington—11**

With a fifty per cent improvement we went over to North Manchester and brought home a second defeat. It seemed that our crew was unable to locate the hoop, and the score shows that the enemy either couldn't locate it or couldn't get near it. North Manchester says she expects to have another slice of bacon Dec. 28. Will she? No!

Dec. 7—Here

Fort Wayne—8 **Huntington—22**

At last the long-waited for arrived. We simply walked all over coach Gilbert's boys. Fort Wayne made their points in the first half and it was lucky they did, for the last half they didn't even get a smell at the basket. We had Fort Wayne outclassed a mile although we didn't snow them under with scores.

Dec. 14—There

Logansport—34 **Huntington—24**

This week we journeyed down to Logansport and picked up a third defeat. Bucher, Pearman and Newell showed up fine, and these three men kept Logansport in the air. Newell was high point man in this scrap, having fifteen points chalked up to his credit.

Dec. 15—There

South Bend—5 **Huntington—10**

Revenge is sweet, remember it was South Bend that put us out of the state last year. This game was a defensive game and neither side could get near the hoop, so Bill Newell showed South Bend that he had an eye for baskets and boosted the score to 10, allowing the opponents only 5 points.

Dec. 21—There

Marion—20 **Huntington—26**

Journeying over to our Marion neighbors we copped a 26-20 victory. We'll acknowledge you can beat us in football, but you'll have to kneel when it comes to basketball.

Dec. 28—Here

North Manchester—18 **Huntington—21**

Well, we beat our old rivals by a score of 21-18. The game was hot and rough, but just the same we handed them a defeat that'll knock them off their high horse until next season. Let's start the new year by trimming Marion. Yea! Huntington, let's go.

Jan. 4, 1924—Here

Marion—24 **Huntington—17**

After a hard fight we were compelled to let Marion carry off the bacon. The first half ended 8-6 in our favor. Clum had the honor of being high point man of the evening, with 11 points chalked up to his credit. Good work, Clum.

Jan. 11—Here

Sweetzer—14 **Huntington—20**

Leading from the first, we cleaned up Sweetzer in fine shape, winning 20-14. Near the last of the game, Sweetzer tried to slip up on us, but we showed our spunk, and they decided to stay behind.

Jan. 12—There

Elwood—38 **Huntington—23**

After tying the score a number of times, Elwood stepped around us and left us with the small end of a 38-23 score. The team displayed some excellent passing, but this was of little advantage as they were off on basket shooting.

Jan. 18—There

Anderson—49 **Huntington 27**

We sure had a hot scrap with our old rivals, but we'll have to admit that they were more than we were able to handle. This is only our first battle with them this year so we have another chance Feb. 15. Let's win!

Jan. 19—Here

Logansport—34 **Huntington—12**

Suffering from the effects of a hard game the night before, we went down to defeat under Logansport for a second time this season, with a score of 34-12.

Jan 25—Here

Warsaw—29 **Huntington—28**

This game marks the hottest skirmish so far this season on our floor. It was just luck that Warsaw was in the lead when the gun cracked, for but a few seconds before Huntington was in the lead. Oh well, Warsaw hasn't anything to crow about. Remember Bluffton is coming over to get walloped tomorrow night.

Jan. 26—Here

Bluffton—16 **Huntington—25**

Our friends from Bluffton visited our city in search of a victory, but all they coud find was a 25 to 16 defeat which they were forced to take after a hot scrap. Bluffton says she will seek revenge next week.

Feb. 1—There

Bluffton—22 **Huntington—30**

This week we went over to Bluffton and tormented them with a 30 to 22 victory on our part. I believe we better quit picking on Bluffton for this season and let them try their luck at someone their size.

Feb. 2—There

Coach Stemen took our team down to Peru for the last battle under his supervision. We succeeded in giving Peru a first class trimming, allowing them 15 points to our 25. We are all very grateful to Stemen for his good work and the excellent basketball teams he has manufactured from our material.

Feb. 8—Here

Jefferson—35 **Huntington—18**

After a week's training under our new coach, we bumped up against one of the best teams of the state and hit them quite a jolt. This game showed a great improvement in our team, but we'll admit that Jefferson was too much for us.

Feb. 9—There

Fort Wayne C.—10 **Huntington—22**

Coach Kinsey escorted our boys up to Fort Wayne and overpowered Central H. S. by a score of 22-10. That makes our tenth scalp this season and we have only two more games. Come on team; we want an even dozen! All right Anderson, we're ready.

Feb. 15—Here

Anderson—30 **Huntington—34**

It was the same confident Anderson that came, saw, and took home the short end of a 34 to 30 score. This was without doubt the best game ever played in our gym, and it is the first time in seven years that we have defeated Anderson. As the gun cracked the score stood 28 all. In the five minutes overtime, we boosted the score to 34 and held Anderson. Wonderful coach. Wonderful team.

Feb. 22 Here

Fort Wayne CC.—11 **Huntington—24**

Our Red and Blacks downed the Fort Wayne Catholics in the last scheduled game of the season by a score of 24-11. This game was slow and a very easy victory for us. The first half ended 7-2 in our favor. Fort Wayne made their points on fouls. Everybody out to see Huntingtonton High take the sectional tourney!

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TOURNAMENT

District **Regional**

Huntington High School's basket ball team completed only a fairly successful season. Out of the twenty scheduled games during the season, we won only eleven. Our competitors obtained 441 points to our 435, but we are safe in saying that these figures would have been entirely different if the team had played the same brand of ball in the beginning of the season that they played in the latter part. We are willing to admit that our team did not play the style of ball that people of Huntington are accustomed to, but the people of Huntington will also have to admit that our team displayed in the latter part of the season a brand of ball superior to that of preceding years.

Huntington High school rode through the district tournament with-

out encountering any very stiff teams, although a few times our opponents did pass us, only to drop behind again and suffer defeat. In the course of the district tournament we scored 122 points to our opponents 68. The finals were played Saturday night, March 1st, between Huntington and Andrews. This game was won with very little difficulty and we allowed Andrews 18 points to our 35.

On March 7, we journeyed to Fort Wayne, where we met Elkhart and downed them by a score of 35 to 15. The following night we encountered Fort Wayne South Side and here we were put out of the race by a score of 35 to 18. It is evident that South Side was accompanied by a streak of luck that night as they were deprived of their chance at the state title in their first game by Richmond.

We now have some very excellent material in stock for next year's team in spite of the fact that six of our regulars graduate. We feel quite sure that next year we shall be able to win our way to the state tournament.

BASEBALL EXTRA

The game opened with Molasses at the stick and Smallpox catching. Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn played first base and Fiddle on second base. Backed by Corn in the field, they made it hot for the umpire. Apple was rotten. Axe came to bat and chopped. Cigars let Brick walk and Sawdust filled the bases. Song made a hit and Twenty made a score. Every foot of the ground kicked and said Apple was rotten. Balloon started to pitch and finally went up in the air. Then Cherry tried it but he was a wild one. When Spider caught a fly the crowd cheered. Old Ice kept cooling the game until Coal burnt him with a pitched ball, then you ought to have heard Ice Scream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Old Grass covered lots of ground on the field. Organ refused to play and Bread loafed around and put him out. In the fifth inning Wind began to blow about what he could do and Hammer began to knock; then the trees began to leave. Knife was put out for cutting first base. There was lots of betting on the game and Eggs went broke, but Soap cleaned up. They all kicked when in the heat of the game Coal was put out and his future temporarily Coked but not until he had roasted Pork good and hard on his pigheadedness. Balloon went up in the air again when Pigs began to root. The score was 1 to 0 when Apple told Fiddle to take the base. Oats was shocked, not having a grain of sense. Song made a hit and Trombone tried to slide but was put out. Meat was playing for a big stake, but was put out at the plate after having roasted the umpire. The score was 1 to 0 and the game was over.

HUNTINGTON RESERVES' SEASON

The Reserves closed a very successful season after having defeated most of the good teams of the county. The line-up suffered many changes in the course of the season due to the rapid improvement of players. It is probable that many of this year's reserves will occupy berths on next year's first team.

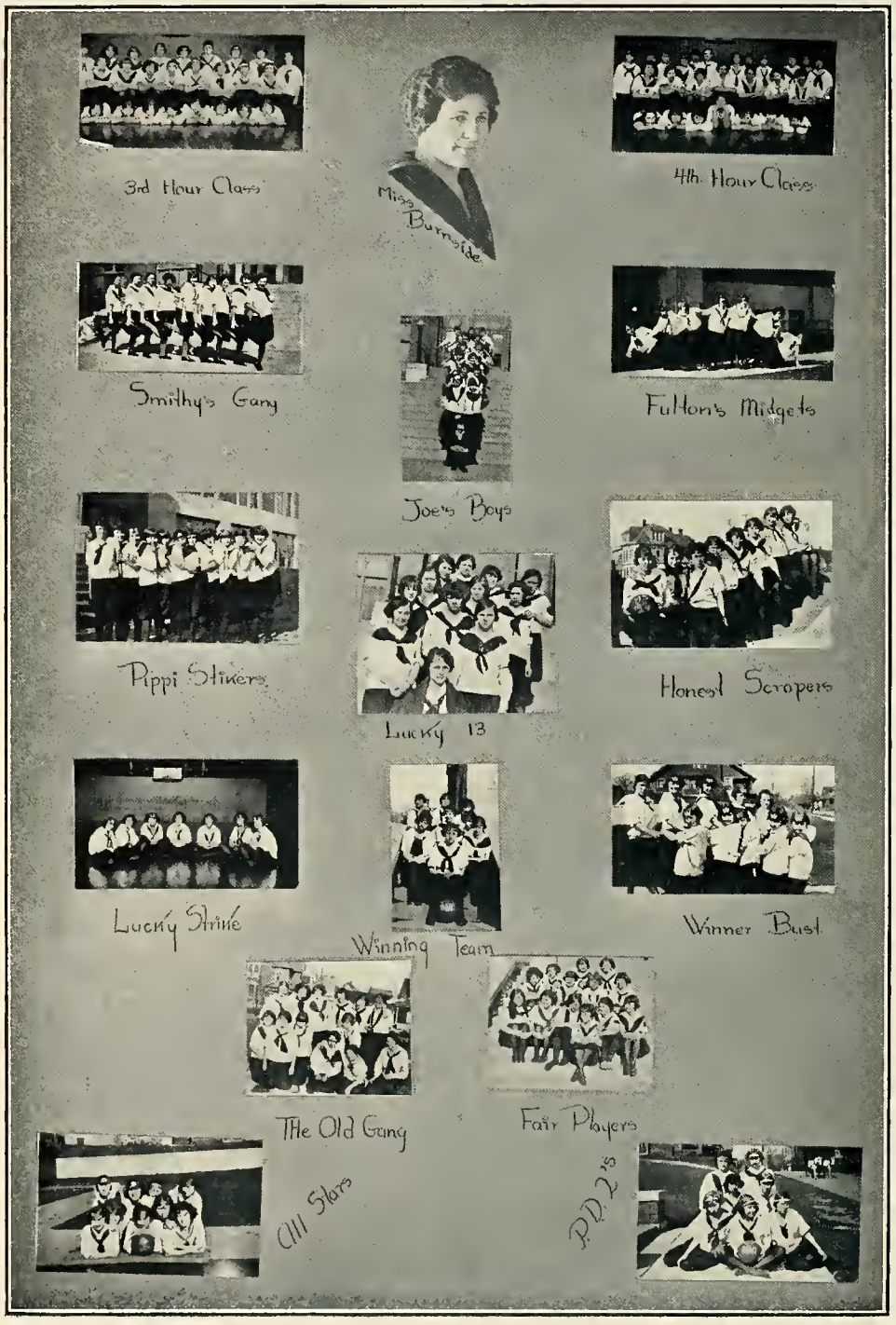
Dec. 1.	Reserves 22	Banquo 12
Dec. 7.	Reserves 15	Roanoke 12
Dec. 21.	Reserves 22	Union Center 37
Dec. 12.	Reserves 27	Huntington Twp. 3
Dec. 21.	Reserves 12	Marion 13
Jan. 4.	Reserves 18	Monument City 20
Jan. 4.	Reserves 16	Marion 13
Jan. 12.	Reserves 13.	Andrews 25
Jan. 18.	Reserves 35	Huntington Twp. 9
an. 25.	Reserves 17	Rock Creek 19
an. 26.	Reserves 26	Bluffton Reserves 21
eb. 1.	Reserves 27	Bluffton 28
Feb. 1.	Reserves 22	Clear Creek 26
Feb. 8.	Reserves 23	Clear Creek 24
Feb. 15.	Reserves 27	Andrews 23
Played 16 games		Lost 9 Won 7
Reserves score 333		Opponents 312

CLASS TOURNAMENT

It has become a custom in Huntington High School to hold a class tournament following the district meet. In this tournament each class enters a team of the best available players. The first game of this tournament was played March 10, between the Sophomores and Juniors. The Sophomores walked away with the Juniors, leaving them the short end of a 12 to 4 score.

The next scrap was between the Seniors and the Freshies, and the score seems to say that the Seniors are not much better educated in basket ball than the Freshies. The score at the end of the second half was 9 to 4 in favor of the Freshmen. In the second half the Seniors got the edge on the Freshies and eliminated them by a score of 21 to 17.

The finals were played March 12 between the Seniors and the Sophomores. This game was tight, but nevertheless the Sophomores were crowned class champs by a score of 19 to 18. It is evident that many members of the Sophomore class team will be upholding the honor of Huntington High as members of next year's first and second teams.

Freshmen	Sophomores	Juniors	Seniors
Pitrucelle	Smith	Warkentine	Wasmuth
Herzog	Butts	Kindy	Redding
Miller	Miller	Goshorn	Warkenstine
Heaston	Hummer	Kriegbaum	Crull
Kindler	Fordyce	Grayston	Keller
Bonbrake	Briggs	Holley	Yergens
	Frost	Shideler	
	Newell		

3rd Hour Class
Miss Burnside
4th Hour Class
Smithy's Gang
Joe's Boys
Fulton's Midgets
Pippi Strikers
Lucky 13
Honest Scrapers
Lucky Strike
Winning Team
Winner Bust
The Old Gang
Fair Players
All Stars
P.D.'29

GIRLS' PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASSES

Instructor, Miss Margaret Burnside

First Hour Class

The Winning Team:—June Piepenbrink, Captain; Edna Shearer, Pauline Conkle, Nellie Hammel, Berniece Cussin, Pauline Kennedy, Doris Burket, Opal Vandine, Marian Weaver.

Yell

Rip, roar, blood and gore,
Green and White for evermore,
That's us, sure enough,
What the deuce is the matter with us?
Nothing at all, nothing at all,
We are just the ones that are
Winning all!

All Stars:—Irene Briggs, captain; Mary Ellen Dumbauld, Catherine Goshorn, Hazel Kelty, Esther Lewis, Ruth Peters, Virginia Walker, Violet Wineke, Lucile Wright.

Yell

Some of us are small,
Some of us are tall,
Watch us knock (the name of our opponents)
Oh, Stars!

Honest Scrappers:—Virginia Reed, captain; Irene Van Pelt, Mable Tomlinson, Marjorie Huffman, Thelma Hochstetler, Florence Shipley, Elsie May First, Eloise Herzog, Mildred Smith, Margaret Beeson.

Yell

Hurrah, we Black, Hurrah, we Green,
Is there a dead one on our team?
I guess, I guess, I guess not,
There's not a dead one in the lot!

Second Hour Class

Fulton's Midgets:—Ruth Fulton, captain; Zelma Brown, Lucile Lynn, Iva McCrum, Pauline Peting, Helen Renner, Esther Stewart, Henrietta Swan.

Yell

We eat candy, we chew gum,
We got the (opponents) on the run.
Yea Midgets, let's go!

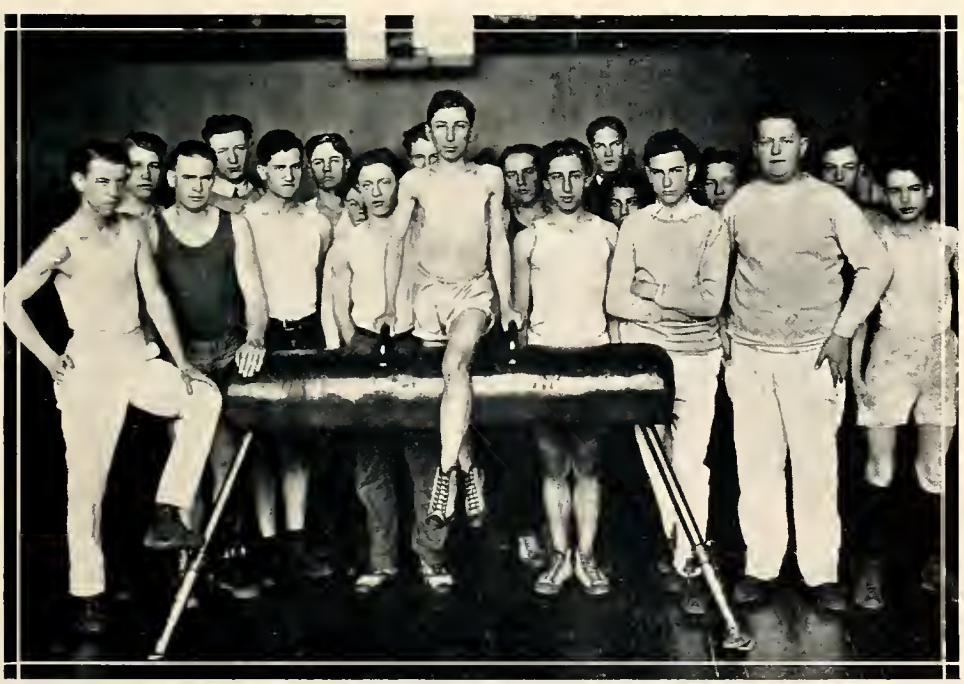
Lucky Strike:—Mildred Tillman, captain; Berdean Bailey, Betty Beaver, Helen Jackson, Bernice Kline, Ruth Pauling, Ethel Rankin.

Yell

Happy Hooligan, Gloomy Guss,
What in the deuce is the matter with us?
Strychnine, quinine, aluminum, dust,
Lucky Strike's win or bust!

(Continued on Page 124)

BOY'S GYM WORK



BOYS' GYM. WORK

In the boys' gym. work every effort is made to develop a coordination of muscles, and a building up of physical endurance which is necessary to make healthy pupils and future citizens. No attempt is made to produce circus performers or superhuman strength, but some have developed so rapidly on apparatus work that they have become adept at many circus stunts.

A Gym exhibition was given on April 22, the proceeds of which are to be used to furnish and equip the gymnasium with apparatus and the furnishings which are necessary to carry on the work.

The boys' gym work has been a valuable asset in producing healthy boys who are mentally alert. Its permanence as a course for physical development is assured.

Advertising
Calendar
Jokes

AUTOGRAPHS

SEPTEMBER

1. The very name of the month reminds us of school. How sweet(?) are the thoughts!

2. Such suspense! Only one more day of rest.

3. H. H. S. boys are seen in town buying new neckties. The girls give their hair the annual washing. (Don't tell anybody, but Miss Weiford bought a new bracelet today for school wear.)

4. Here we are again. The same mad rush! Books, pencils, notebooks—ugh! Is there no end?

5. Freshman (I think it was): "What's the faculty I hear so much about?"
Eldon Bucher: "Oh, those are the men and women who are paid to help the Seniors run the school."

6. Isn't it strange how sixty Seniors think they can all get in a room with thirty-five seats? "Perfectly dumb," says I.

7. First foot ball practice. Did Garth McD. try out again?

8. Have you ever heard the story about the bowl of milk? Well, it's the cat's.

16. Our Senior girls are found to have a great appetite for fruits, especially dates. The boys, strange to say, like chickens.

17. Pauline Mahoney: "Who is the man with the long hair?"
Tom W.: "A fellow from Yale."
Pauline: "O, yes, I've often heard of those Yale locks."

18. First Senior Meeting. President Bill Yergens. Advisor, Miss Koch. Mr. Byers tells the Seniors about their responsibilities, and especially their dignity.

19. Norman.: "Dear, I've made up my mind to sit here all evening and talk to you."
Kate J.: "Sorry, Babe, I've made up my face to go out."

20. Madeline S. informs Miss Dunathan that the Latin for man is "hobo" or something like it. Correct?

21. Silently one by one, in the infinite books of the teachers, blossom the neat zeros, the forget-me-nots of the students.

22. Game with Warsaw.

23. We sleep late and go to bed early!

24. Why does Monday morning have to follow Sunday night, I wonder!

25. Miss Cox: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"
Gladys P.: "At the bottom of the page, I suppose."

26. There is a rumor that some citizenship grades are being cut. Now whose could they be?

27. Suter (in gym): "James, did you take a shower?"
James Ball: "Why er-r no. Is one gone?'

28. The Freshmen walk so leisurely (?) thro' the halls.

29. Logansport Game.—19-6 our favor!

30. One month of school is over. Only eight more until summer. Be of good courage.

Miss Moore: "Let the cow out of the barn! What mood?"

H. Smith: "The cow."

—o—

Book Agent: "This book will do half your work."

Dale S.: "Give me two, quick."

OCTOBER

1. Clyde Buckingham in Public Speaking: "Wasn't it said of Roosevelt, 'First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen'?"

2. "Doty" Glenn appears today with the letters H. H. S. on her sweater. Do they stand for Huntington High School or Hayden Harlow's Sweetheart?

4. Tom Wheeler informs the 4—1 English Class that women are the weaker sex. He can't be popular with them then!

5. The Freshmen are hereby notified that they need not take part in fire drills. Green things do not burn.

6. New School Motto: "Say it with notes."

7. The Public Speaking class is almost broken up because of the chuckles of its members. Ask Herbert Newell to recite "And I Have Loved Thee, Ocean."

8. "Cocky" Payne informs his father that his teachers like him so much they have to sit where they can see him all the time.

9. Miss Altman was tempted to give her classes a test, and she yielded to temptation!

10. H. H. S. moved to Decatur for foot ball game this afternoon.—18-12.

11.-12. Teachers' Institute in Ft. Wayne. No school.

13. A chance for beauty naps. Several used the opportunity.

15. Arthur Mauger informs the 4—1 History Class that a law was passed against slavery by the First Sentimental Congress.

16. Mr. Byers: "Why aren't you taking English the first period?"
Bob Wasmuth: "I've a conflict."
Mr. B.: "What?"
Bob: "Breakfast."

17. The Sunshine Society come to life again. New ideas guarantee a good year.

20. We are swamped by South Side ,and nearly freeze too. Exasperations!

21. The School Board has decided to award medals of Heroism for all who suffered from the cold at the game yesterday. Aren't they lovely?

22. The six weeks has ended. Beware of Wednesday! Those enticing (?) yellow cards with pretty figures on them sometimes deceive.

23. Parham Kelley complains that he doesn't know what to do with his week end. Miss Koch advises him to place his hat on it when outside of the building.

24. Romeo and Juliet entertain the 4-1 English Class with Victor Record.

25. Some Hallowe'eners decide to tear down the H. S. building, beginning at the steps.

26. Big Senior Hallowe'en Party at Mary Catherine Miller's.

27. Another foot ball defeat at the hands of Peru 25-14—"Revenge is sweet", especially in basket ball. Just wait, Peru.

28. The Freshmen come running to the Seniors with stories of weird noises, ghosts' faces, and signs of witchcraft. Their fright is soon calmed by the paternal Seniors, who explain to them about Hallow'een.

29. False faces galore. Booooh!

30. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Knox entertained the school in the auditorium this afternoon with impersonations and songs.

31. No one meets ruination at the hands of the fiends, for Hallow'een was quiet this year.

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NOVEMBER

1. Velma Van Dine (in biology): "The potato bug eats the leaves off the roots of the potatoes."

2. Mr. Byers.: "You can always tell a Senior (but you can't tell them much)"

3. Blind man to passerby: "Was that the Home Guard that just passed by?"
Miss Altman: "No, only some students (H. Thompson and G. Lucas) wearing galoshes."

4. A joke is like a neat ankle, it has to be seen to be appreciated.

5. Parham.: "Do you like your teacher?"
Tom W.: "I tried it once and she got mad." Oh, Miss Koch!

6. Harold Smith steps out in a derby. What next?

7. Huntington is going to have a first class Post-office. Sh-h-h ask Erma B.. Oh, my California!

8. Nellie H. has her hair bobbed! Alas, another good girl slipping—What's his name?

9. Armistice Day Program by Public Speaking Class. Discloses some real orators, and other unexpected talent.

10. Home Coming is coming! Plans for the biggest day in history are being arranged.

11. Armistice Day.

13. Senior rings arrive. Every one is happy. (?)

15. Big Pep meeting. All set for tomorrow. Our band is sure hot!

16. Home coming at last. Thanks to Miss Koch and her committee. Big parade 'n' everything.

17. Everything was a big success yesterday but the game.

18. All persons who can successfully explain to Mr. Byers the reasons for playing hookey will be admitted to the debating team without further questioning.

19. Mr. Suter: "Where are diamonds usually found?"
Florence F.: "In jewelry stores, generally."

20. Foot ball season is closed. But it wasn't half bad. Let's make it bigger and better next year."

21. Miss Moore: "Name something of importance today that was not existing 100 years ago."
Lester Z.: "Me?"

23. Juniors have recovered from a bad case of sleeping sickness.
First meeting and the reception is just over the hill.

24. Miss Koch gives a talk on manners entitled—"Throwing chalk and Paper."

26. 'Nother week begins but brace up; vacation will soon be here.

27. Annabel (heard in girls' hall): "I thought you could keep a secret."
Jane.: "Well I kept it for a week. What do you think I am; a cold storage plant?"

28. Mrs. Templeton: "What is a polygon, Florence?
F. Whitelock: "Why er-r-r a dead parrot."

29. Vacation. Thanksgiving.

30. More vacation. "Plenta more is alrite."

———————o———————

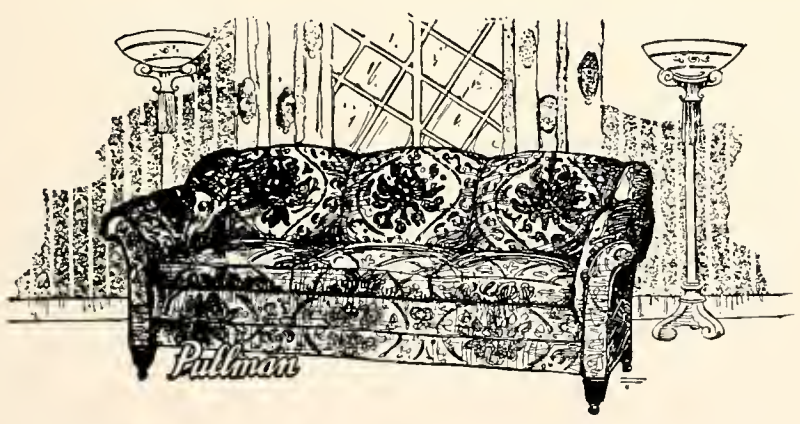
"And what did the poor little dog do when you cruel boys tied a can to his tail?"

"Oh, he just went broadcasting down the road."

———————o———————

A clergyman from northeastern Pennsylvania tells the story of an Italian who brought his baby to be baptized.

"Now," he said, "you see you baptize heem right. Last time I tell you I want my baby call "Tom," you call him Tomas. Thees time I want heem call Jack, I no want you call heem Jackass!"



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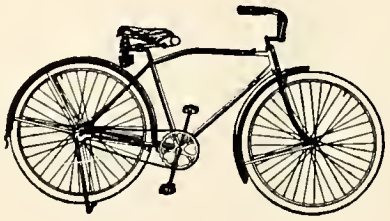

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DECEMBER

1. With the coming of the new month we abandoned the muddy avenue and stepped onto the hardwood. Warren won 17 to 16.

2. As a result of last evening's game, plans were being made by the Warren citizens to move the court house to their city.

3. Mr. McCaffrey still laughs about this joke on Bob Wasmuth.
Bob: "I want to get a head of cabbage."
Mr. McC.: "Large or small head?"
Bob (absent-mindedly): "Oh, about 7¼."

4. Stud Frost was seen in school wearing short trousers and a pair of brilliant hued stockings. It looks like Gene "took up" golf.

5. It was rumored this morning that Glenn Stults is contemplating taking a girl to North Manchester. And Glenn was always such a good boy!

6. These small towns are getting awful. North Manchester 12, Huntington 11. Can you beat that?

7. Revenge is sweet! Not on North Manchester but Ft. Wayne, and that's just as good. Score 22 to 8.

8. Everybody slept peacefully this morning—except those that had to go to work.

9-10. It was discovered that Mike Finn keeps a "date book" so as not to get them mixed up. He doesn't like war.

11. One of the faculty members whose chamber of torture is on the third floor got out his "red flannels" today.

12 Miss Koch in 2-11 French "What's wrong with this word?"
Bill Yergens: "Oh, it's all right, I used it."

13. A letter was found in the hall signed James Ball. We can't figure out whether it was a letter to Santa or something else. Some say it was to a girl. Why James!

14. Logansport 34, Huntington 24. Cheer up! That's only three lost.

15. 'Tis a good thing this is Saturday. Had there been school Mr. Byers would have gotten a cramp from writing out pass slips for tardy ones. How do you like this? South Bend 5, Huntington 10.

17. Brice Ware came to school this morning, sleepy. He reported that he was in at 9:30 and got up at 7:00. Mrs. Sales investigated the case and pronounced it sleeping sickness.

18. Public Speaking Class banquet. Meat loaf, baked beans, salads, sandwiches, 'n' everything. Merril R. wins fame (?) as a toastmaster!

19: Lost Hi-Y pin. Please return to Miss Altman or Nellie Hammel Can you comprehend it?

20. Joe Hollis told Prof. Suter, upon being asked, that next Wednesday would be followed by Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

21. Christmas entertainment, furnished by the Public Speaking class, chorus members, and Junior English students. And that's not all: Marion 20, Huntington 26.

22. Paul Morse forgot to keep a date with his girl tonight. Unusual for Paul!

23-31 Vacation. In the meantime: North Manchester 18, Huntington 21. Whoopee! One of our young men loses his girl in the Christmas rush. (Of course I won't say who it was, since "Red" wouldn't want it known).

—o—

An insurance man says his company recently took on a new office boy who is a wonder. A man came into the office the other day and asked: "Can you insure the immortal soul?"

"I don't know," the kid replied, "but if you will wait just a minute I will ask the manager of the fire department."

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2nd. Stenog.: "Yep, I was with her when she decided."

———————o———————

He: "Do you think kissing is as dangerous as the doctors say?"
She: "Well, it has put an end to a good many bachelors."

———————o———————

Coed: "Your new overcoat is rather loud."
Fresh: "It's all right when I put on a muffler."

———————o———————

Velma: "How did you know that I was going to wear my hair curled this evening?"
Harold: "I saw it in the papers this morning."

———————o———————

"Your honor," said the burglar, "I was foodless, friendless, and homeless."

"My man," said the judge, "you move me deeply! Food, shelter and companionship shall be yours for the next nine months."

Son (reading): "Pop, what is a pedestrian?"

Pop: "A pedestrian, my son, is the raw material for an auto accident."

—o—

A school boy wrote an essay on cats. The chapter on different breeds supplies the following information:

"Cats that's made for little boys and girls to maul and tease is called Maltese cats. Some cats are known by the queer purrs; these are called Persian cats. Cats with bad temper is called Angora. Cats with deep feeling is called Feline cats.

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lling."

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Lady from the city: "What is that peculiar odor from the fields?"

Farmer: "Fertilizer!"

Lady: "Oh! for the land's sake!"

Farmer: "Yes, Madam."

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Teacher (on final exam.): "I will not answer any questions."

Stude: "Shake; neither will I."

———o———

Miss Moore: "What makes you think Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"

Joe H.: "Just look at the spelling."

———o———

Lady from the city: "What is that peculiar odor from the fields?"

Farmer: "Fertilizer!"

Lady: "Oh! for the land's sake!"

Farmer: "Yes, Madam."

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Russell R.: "Well I guess I'll kiss you goodnight until tomorrow."
Bernice W.: "Oh, no you won't Bus! I can't hold my breath that long and besides I have to go in the house in ten minutes."

—o—

Art Palmer: "Smitty, how many cigarettes do you smoke a day?"
Harold S.: "Oh, any given number."

—o—

Bill Yergens: "Hey Joe, did you ever hear the story of the crude oil?"
Joe Hollis: "No, let's hear it."
Bill: "It isn't refined."

—o—

Gerald Y: "Why do the girls always smile when they look at me?"
Dorothy G.: "I suppose it is because they are too polite to laugh."

—o—

Martha May (reading problem in Geometry): "Find the dimensions of a right triangle if its hippopotamus is twenty feet long, and its base exceeds the altitude by four feet."
Why did we laugh? She didn't know.

—o—

Harry Montague (lovingly): "You are a peach!"
Josephine N.: "That is nothing; my father and mother were a pair."

Helen Hosler (addressing Jane Barnhisel in music store): "Have you 'Hot Lips' ?"
Jane: "No, but I have passionate eyes."

———o———

Mr. Kinsey: "Be sure to file your experiments."
Mark S..:"Are they as rough as that?"

———o———

Thomas W.: "This ham is no good."
Waiter: "Why sir, it was just cured last week!"
Thomas: "Then it must have suffered an awful relapse."

66

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He: "As usual John was the life of the party last night."
She: "John who?"
He: "John Barleycorn!"

———o———

Harold S.: "The doctor told me if I didn't stop smoking I'd be feeble minded."
Kate Juillerat: "Well, why didn't you stop?"

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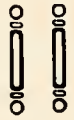

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He (going for the last hour): "Can I call and see you again some evening?"

She (waiting for him to go for the last hour): "Why certainly, that is if you go this time."

———————o———————

Ruth S.: "A penny for your thoughts."

Harry M.: "I was thinking of going home."

Her father (at the head of the stairs: "Give him a dollar, it's worth it."

———————o———————

Every time the teacher asked Johnny a question she always got the same answer, "I don't know."

"Johnny," she said, "What is twice eight?"

"Don't know."

"Well then, four times six?"

"Don't know."

The teacher became exasperated. "Is there anything you can answer?" She asked sardonically.

"Yes, Ma'am. The telephone, Ma'am."

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THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION

(A historical play in one act)

Scene I.

Time—1888

Place—Isaac Newton's country home.

(Sir Isaac and visitor seated on front lawn, talking.)

Ike Newton—Yes, Sherlock, as I said before this country air sure puts a kick in a man. I'm feeling like a three year old. Oh, by the way, what is doing on the turf here of late?

Visitor—Oh—nothing of note. Things are comparatively quiet at present. I quite agree with you, dear Newton, on the exhilarating qualities of the atmosphere. I feel ripe for a walk. Do you feel inclined to step towards yonder clump of trees?

Ike Newton—Yes, indeed my dear Holmes, those trees are the pride of the country side. I imported four of the sweetest, ruddiest, mellowest apple trees imaginable from Java, and two dozen from Hot Springs. They are just come into bearing. It is indeed delightful to treat your palate to this delectable fruit. Here is an especially fine strain of Blond-Albemarle, a very rare species.

Sherlock Holmes (for so he is)—How remarkable! Truly amazing how the twang of the country air gets into one's blood! Let us seat ourselves under this branching tree which casts so refreshing a shade on the verdant grasses, and enjoy our apples. (They sit under the tree.)

Ike Newton—Now to resume our discussion as to the suicide of the species. I quite disagree with you on the point—Ugh Sllssss—Blrr.

(Overripe fruit falls with force on Mr. Newton's cranium. Newton frantically tries to clear his face and head of the concoction.)

Holmes—Ah—here is a most remarkable circumstance—Hm-m—I must look into this matter. Now I revert to the starting point. All the facts hinge on the condition of the hyperbolation of—etc, etc. (Holmes calmly arises and walks off, head bent in thought, hands clasped behind him.) (At this critical scene Mrs. Newton, hearing her hubby's exclamations rushes to the scene.)

Mrs. Newton—What on earth—Oh, you poor dear. Whatever has happened to you! Here—give me your handkerchief—now it's better! What was the matter?

Ike Newton—My dear madam, allow me to place your mind at rest. Nothing more noteworthy has taken place than the falling of an apple on my head as I was sitting there. Pray do not become alarmed, I assure you it is of no consequence whatever. (Exit Mrs. Newton.)

Hm-m-m let me concentrate. First I will seek Mr. Holmes. I am sure he can help me solve this deplorable situation. (Starts in quest of S. H.) Mr. Holmes!—Oh, Mr. Hol.—Oh there you are! I have in

mind a rather complicated series of complicated and curious circumstances from which I would like you to help me extract a solution. The question briefly is "What made that apple fall straight down instead of missing me? Why could it not have lit on the ground some distance hence?" Now then—.

Holmes—Just the subject I was considering. Pray do not interrupt me—the gravity of the situation is such that I am complete—eh—what the why, certainly the gravity of the situation. It's as clear as can be. Look you—Mr. Newton—we have discovered a new force called gravity—I doubt not we will become famous.

Scene II Time—1924 Place—H. H. S. Physics Lab.

Mr. Kinsey—Now then dear children the law of gravitation has been explained to you. I hope you all—question Mr. Crull?

Mr. Crull—Who discovered gravity?

Mr. Kinsey—It is an authentical fact that Sir Isaac Newton discovered it while sitting under an apple tree. An apple hit him on the head, and this set him to thinking.

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JANUARY

1. Miss Koch resolves to be stern.

2. Holiday tales equal English assignment.

4. Huntington vs. Marion.

6. (On a Sunday stroll.) Lowell: "This is a dogwood tree."
Eunice: "How can you tell?"
Lowell: "By its bark."

7—8.—Bus Rittgers (in orchestra): "What is that you're playing?"
Norman P.: "Frat."
Bus: "By George, I just finished that!"

10. Half a day off for teachers to decide our fate.

11. Huntington vs. Sweetser. There. Vacation.

12. Huntington vs. Elwood. There. Vacation.

14. Rental of books, beginning of Second Term—the worst is yet to come.

17. Miss Cox: "What is one contribution of the Middle Ages to school life?"
Lester Z.: "Chaperons."

18. Huntington vs. Anderson.There.

19. Logansport vs. Huntington. Here.

20. We hear that the Sewing Class has learned that stout women and large plaids, bright colors and shiny materials, are not affinities.

21. Horace Cutshall: "This cold weather chills me to the bone."
Cassius K.: "Why not get a fur cap?"

22. If we are wise we never leave school. We always tho't the Seniors were wise, now we don't.

23. Our underweight pupils want us to know that "true blue" is a term not applicable to milk.

24. Mr. Byers tells us in the auditorium what we ought to do this term.
Second period out, Oh you 4-II English pupils!

25. Huntington vs. Warsaw. Here.

26. Huntington vs. Bluffton. Here.

27. They say that "Budding genius, if it is genius, is indifferent to frosts." We claim an exception—look at Jeannette!

28. Richard Weybright says that his father would be a poor dentist it he couldn't make a good impression.

29. Selby Conklin: I don't think that the modern girl is like "Isabella" in the poem. Now would you give up all your pleasures for one man?
Edith (guess which one): No-o-Oh Yes, sure! !
Selby: Really? I'm so glad.

30. Merrill says that the easiest way to convince a woman is to refuse to try. We wonder—has he had experience?

31. The time we save by hasty decisions is lost in undoing the harm accomplished thereby. Chemistry Students believe this after they have experienced a few blow-ups.

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Huntington, Ind.

E. S.: "I don't know what to do with my week-end."

P. M.: "Put your hat on it."

Old Man R.: "What did you do with the last ten dollars I gave you?"

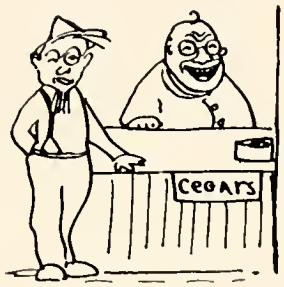
Merrill: "I bought a dollar's worth of oranges and apples—and spent the rest on dates."

Dorothy S.: "If this is an all-wool piece of cloth, why is it labeled cotton?"

Shop Assistant (confidently): "That Madam, is to deceive the moths!"

Shop Keeper: "What kind of tooth brush do you want?"

Sam Williams, Farmer: "Why boss, give me the biggest one you have; there's ten in my family."



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THE HUT IN THE HOLLOW

(Continued from Page 16)

lurked true love for his only one. She raised her eyes to meet his, but fearing to trust her voice she nodded for him to go on.

"They were afraid I'd squeal on them—the consequences are—I'm here in this deep, dark dungeon and, notice if you please, this comforting ball and chain on my leg."

Patty Jane quickly dropped to her knees and tried the keys until her lover was freed.

At the same moment a clod of earth fell to the floor and a disheveled girl stumbled in. Upon seeing the other two she gave a little frightened moan, then sank to the earth, unconscious. Don and Patty Jane knelt beside her and with their assistance the beautiful girl soon afterwards opened her eyes. She resembled Patty Jane very much, excepting her eyes. They were as deep a blue as violets, now, filled with tears like dew which night brings to flowers. The twilight of her life was giving way to darkness. She had been shot in the back of the head, the great flow of blood fast showing its effect upon her.

"The cops have———got me," she gasped, with difficulty. "I only helped the Purple Prowlers once———in a wreck ten years ago." She hurried eagerly onward. "But when I———was supposed to rob the dead McDonalds, besides———I refused and went———away———they thought with the money." Patty Jane had turned ashen pale at the word McDonald. Her parents!

When she again turned to the girl she saw her lying, as asleep; only her lips moved slightly, Patty Jane saw them say, "Forgive, O Lord," then silence. She had paid the price.

After a moment Don helped Patty Jane to her feet and they followed the tunnel which led from the shanty, which had previously been concealed. At the end of the passageway they pushed aside some carefully arranged heaps of brush and were greatly relieved to find themselves upon the highway.

They hailed a carriage and when it neared them were overjoyed.

"Patty Jane! and Don, my boy!" cried Uncle Waldon joyously. "I have search-parties hunting for you. See here?"

A party of police came in sight and made their way rapidly toward Mr. Waldon. They were relieved from their search, but Don gave them all of the details of the Purple Prowlers, so they hurried off on their new quest, and after the dead girl, Lillian Maxwell.

The three characters reached home in safety. Uncle Waldon accepted his niece's invitation to live at her mansion, where a year and a day later she became, in the presence of the minister, Mammy Lou, and Uncle dear, Mrs. Don Devoe.

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FEBRUARY

1. For the second time within a week we wallop Bluffton. Score, 23-30. Junior and Senior party at Stults' on Mishler Pike. You should have been there!

2. H. H. S. shows Peru how to play basket ball. Huntington 25, Peru 15.

4. Another weary week for the weary Willies who won't work.

5. Senior play tomorrow. Everybody ready.

6. The Seniors "Come out of the Kitchen" with great success. But why did they have to eat on the stage and make us hungry?

7. Classes are running on about three cylinders; the Seniors who "Come Out of the Kitchen" stay home to rest up. Another successful exit.

8. Jefferson (Lafayette) here tonight. Like Caesar they came, they saw, they conquered. Score 35-18. First game under the new coach.

9. Big improvement! We skin Ft. Wayne Central 22 to 10.

10-11-12. Much talk about our new coach. The girls are heard inquiring if he is married. The answer is doubtful. Anyhow, the Physics class likes him.

13. Miss Cox drills the history classes upon the pronunciation of the Diet of Worms.

14. Boys, beware! This is leap year. Send no valentines.

15. Anderson bites the dust 30-34. First defeat by the Red and Black since 1918. Revenge is sweet,—Yea, Huntington!

18. Mr. Parnell, the B. V. D. Band, rendered a pleasing entertainment in the auditorium in the evening. Many say it was the best feature of the Lyceum Course.

19. Auditorium. Five reels on the lives of Lincoln and Washington.

20-21. Steady Practice for "Bul Bul" begins.

22. Last game on the schedule. Kinseymen show up Ft. Wayne Central Catholics with a score of 24 to 11.

27. Report cards dealt out. The teachers overworked the sixteenth letter of the alphabet.

29. Extra day this month. Why couldn't it be a holiday since the report cards showed such excellent work?

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GIRLS' PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASSES

(Continued from Page 93)

Third Hour Class

Snappy Eight:—Leatha Motz, captain; Louise Grass, Claribel Goesker, Dorothy Yergens, Frances Holbrook, Louise Landfert, Gail Grossman, Ruth Williams.

Yell

You've lost your place, you're out of the race,
Because we're the best, and will give you a rest.

The P. D. Q.'s.:—Lois Grupe, captain; Colleen Utter, Anne Buzzard, Doloris Hefner, Edith Wiseman, Gladys Wilson, Zelma Nauvels, Maebelle Lehman.

Yell

(Opponents) are in the high chair,
Who put 'em there?
Ma, pa, sis, boom bah.
The P. D. Q.'s rah-rah-rah!

Fourth Hour Class

Smitty's Gang:—Margaret Gierhart, captain; Eloise Kaufman, Lucile Daniels, Magdalena Bell, Martha Mostler, Mary Elizabeth Pratt, Helen Williams, Velma Sells, Naomi Reifert, Freeda Urehel.

Yell

Biff! Bang! Bang!
Hurrah for Smitty's Gang!
We're out to win,
By golly, we kin,
Biff, Bang! Bang!

Pip's Stickers:—Helen Piepenbrink, captain; Genevieve Shobe, Helen Fisher, Pauline Hosler, Florence Smith, Claribel Foster, Mae Baumann, Winifred Stroud, Cora Jennings, Marguerite Winkleman, Etola Gottshall.

Yell

Rip, rap, roar,
We're the team of '24,
We're the hot stuff of creation,
We're Pip's Stickers delegation,
Rah-rah-rah!

Mary's Lambs:—Mary Shultz, captain; Thelma Kreiger, Pansy Lett, Thelma Sands, Mae Krisher, Martha Biehl, Beatrice Bayless, Opal Zook, Isabelle Hosler, Nanetta Glass.

Song

Mary had a little lamb, etc.,
Its fleece was white as snow,
Everywhere that Mary went, etc.,
The lamb was sure to go.
Hoorah for Mary, Hoorah for the Lamb!
Hoorah for the teacher who didn't give a (?).

(Continued on Page 162)

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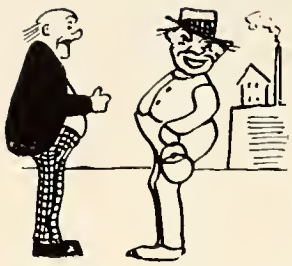
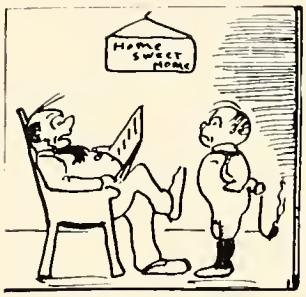


"Sir you are twenty minutes late again. Don't you know what time we start work at this factory?"

Lawrence W.: "Nope, they're always at it when I get here."

A little boy who was very much puzzled over the theory of evolution questioned his mother, "Ma, am I descended from a monkey?"

"I don't know." the mother replied; I never knew any of your father's people."



Father, to naughty boy: "I'm afraid I'll never see you in heaven."

Wesley Heiney (naughty boy): "Why, what have you been doing now?"

His Father-in-law: "When I get around to it I'm going to give you and Edna a fifty foot lot with a nice little bungalow on it."

Mr. Day: "Fine! But remember it's deeds, not words, that count."

She: "We disturbed mother last night after you brought me home from the dance".

Austin S.: "But we were very quiet."

She: "That's what disturbed her."

She: You're sure I'm the first girl you ever loved?"

F. Grayston: "Absolutely! In fact, I've told only three girls that—and I didn't mean it in any case."

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

(Continued from Page 53)

the culinary skill of Garth McDormand. Garth had acquired his skill while assisting at the district basket ball tournaments held at H. H. S. Mabelle Lahm had captured Mark Smith, and the two ran a large poultry farm just outside of Huntington.

Lillian Hardin had failed in her seach for a husband and had become a school teacher. Fred Zeigler teaches in the same school so there is still a chance for both.

Huston Smith was now a dentist, with Martha Hicks as office assistant. George Hollis still travelled a fast pace, being conductor of the Warren transit line. Edith Gordon and Edith Ervin were the proprietors of the Huntington Dairy. Mrs. Robert Skinner, otherwise Clara Thorn, assisted them. Jeanette Sale was a big customer for their products, because Harry Pearman, her weakly husband, required lots of nourishment to help him carry on his duties as the head of Huntington's largest sporting goods store.

Louise Drummond and Beulah Chalfant owned a modiste shop and furnished Huntington County with the latest Parisian creations—made in Huntington and displayed to good advantage by Katherine Juillerat.

President Banister of the Merchant's National Bank always rested securely because Nondas Huyette was the cashier. Olive Branstrator and Edna Brown had gone into partnership and now owned the B & B Art Shoppe.

The Huntington team proved to be too good for the Mormons and that team retired on the bad side of a 42 to 17 score. Huntington fans were wild because the Newellmen would now be in the finals. Their opponents would be Stivers High of Dayton, Ohio.

X——joined the group of celebrating Huntingtonians among whom was Charles Halsey, the great actor of legitimate stage. He was especially noted for the warmth of his love scenes. Then too, there was Mlle. Mary Jones, one of the greatest living painters, her "Venus at the Pump" having been purchased by the Luxembourg Gallery. Joe Hollis with his vaudeville partner Janet Jacobson, was particularly happy. Donna Zent, now Mrs. Somebody-or-other, was with George Lawver and his wife, formerly Mary Pastor. George was an influential attorney in Detroit. Adena Aldridge the novelist, Pulitzer prize winner, also graced this assembly of beauty and brains. All in all, the class of 1924 appeared to have succeeded very well in after life.

That night X—— enjoyed the most pleasurable hour in his life when he saw the athletes from his old school tear into the final game with the old fighting Huntington spirit . This won the game and the title of National Champions for Huntington High after twenty-five years of effort. For Huntington defeated Stivers by a score of 23 to 15.

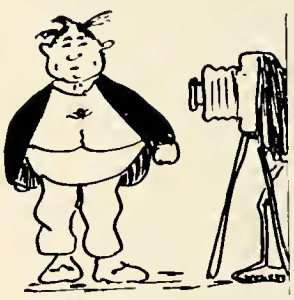
Uulucky motorist (having killed the lady's puppy)—"Madam, I will replace the animal."

Lady: "Sir, you flatter yourself."

H. N.: "I wonder why it is that girls aren't marrying the way they used to."

P. M.: "Got a mirror?"

Wesley Heiney: " I don't want a big picture."



1st man: "What was the greatest engineering feat ever performed?"

2nd man: "Wheeling, West Virginia."

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BUL BUL

(Continued from Page 71)

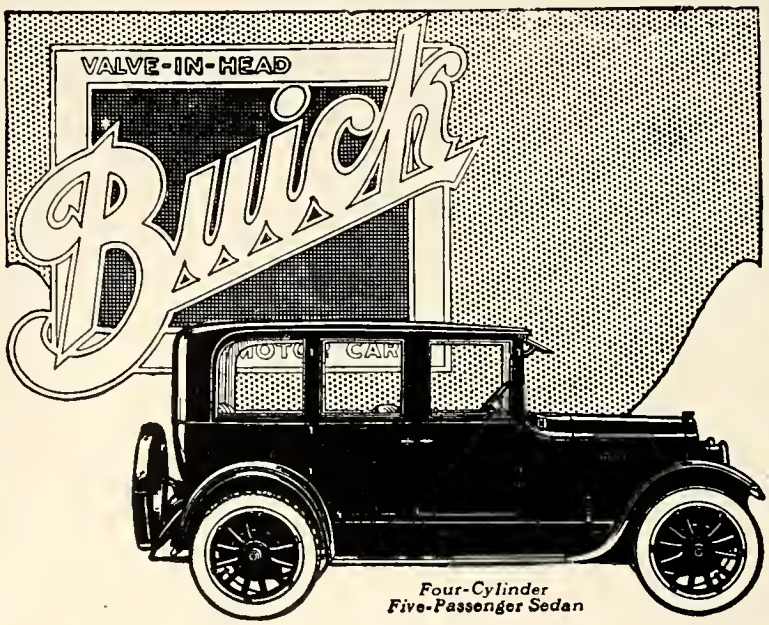
Two other main characters, Neil Crull (the keeper of the Royal Spectacles), and Kenneth Scott (the keeper of the Royal Cash Box), put the finishing touches on the Operetta. At all times these two produced some foolishness, amusing the audience and gaining fame for themselves. These two will surely lose their calling if they do not choose to join the circus, or the like, as entertainers De Luxe. The spice of the entire play was furnished in a great measure by their acting.

The role of Lilla and Alain were played by Josephine Neuer and Harry Montague, respectively. Acting as friends of the leading man and lady, they cast wide their fame by their excellent solos and duets. They deserve congratulations.

The entire cast consisted of about a hundred and twenty-five characters, including the Maids of Honor, Peddlers, Court Attendants, and numerous others, all of whom carried their parts well. The scenery and costumes were beautiful, the like of which has never before been seen in a performance of this sort in the High School. They were very attractive and in accordance with the splendor of a foreign Court.

The Operetta was a grand success, and when the curtain fell for the last time, another jewel had been added to the crown of H. H. S.

Norman Poinier.



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MARCH

1. The victories over Roanoke, Clear Creek, and Andrews aren't so bad for one day. We are now the district champs at least.
2. A notice appeared on the bulletin board today requesting the name of the Freshman who went into the library and asked for something on the late life and death of Thomas A. Edison.
3. Mrs. Templeton announced this morning, when one bright pupil in her class wanted the windows open, that there was a place hotter than her room for boys like that.
5. Mrs. Sayler—"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer. Isn't that so?"
   Kenneth Keller—"I cannot answer you."
6. H. H. S. again entertains itself by pouring its pupils out onto the cool damp streets. There's a reason—(Fire drill). None of us really wanted to go, of course, we being so "wrapped up" in our lessons!
7. The whole school, or at least the greater part of it, went up to Fort Wayne today to watch H. H. S. beat Elkhart. They did it, too—35 to 18. The H. H. S. debaters, meanwhile, lost to Fort Wayne Central's.
8. Huntington loses to South Side, 34 to 18.
10. Basket ball is over now and there's nothing to worry about except the Operetta, "Bul Bul",—but that's plenty.
11. Everyone wonders if we'll ever have Auditorium again. Let's ask Mr. Byers before we give up all hopes, what say you?
13. Miss Cox—"Kenneth, why is the Sphinx referred to as being feminine?"
    Kenneth—"I really don't see why it should be; if it was a woman it wouldn't have kept silent so long."
14. Everybody has already stopped working this week. Why not take a holiday on Wednesday as well as Saturday, anyhow? Days are all alike, aren't they?
17. Hi-Y Banquet. Great time. For further information ask the members.
19. The girls who are in "Bul Bul" "scour" the town in search of certain kinds and sizes of costumes.
20. Bill Newell observes training rules by eating much fudge at the home of Doris Tucker.
21. Mr. Suter declared that he wanted(?) his picture in the Modulus, so the editors guided him to the north steps, where he posed beautifully for twenty minutes, waiting for the sun to come out. But alas, it did not, and that is why, O ye Chemistry students, he looked so despondent for many days after!
22. Dorothy Mullin complains of a sore throat. I hear that she tied knots in her tonsils from laughing too much.
24. Herbert Newell's masterpiece of art, entitled "The Toothpick" will soon be finished and left by him as a Senior gift to the high school.
26. Mr. Day in Public Speaking—"Mark, can't you speak a little louder? Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!"
27. "Bul Bul" is given successfully before a full house. We really didn't realize that Neil is a clown. Of course we weren't quite so much surprised at the natural ability of Kenneth along that line!
28. Another presentation of the operetta with still a larger audience and a more successful rendition of the musical-play.
    Found—Art Finn's picture in Edith Heck's locker.
29. A day off to think of the week of vacation ahead of us.
31. Life is one grand, glorious surprise after another—for instance, have you seen Mark Smith casting casual but loving glances toward's Burl's sister?

His boss (considering application for leave): "What time is your grandmother's funeral?"

Clum Bucher (absent-mindedly): "We're supposed to kick off at two thirty, sir."

—o—

Who said the Indians are stoical and never laugh? Didn't Longfellow make Minne ha-ha?

—o—

Clyde Buckingham (wise in the ways of parrots) trying to teach a young parrot to say "Hello" in one lesson.

"Hello," he said and, receiving no answer, he repeated the greeting several times. At the final "Hello" the parrot opened one eye and gazed pityingly at the young man and snapped, "Line's busy!"

—o—

You can lead a horse to water,
But you can't make him drink.
You can give a student zero,
But you can't make him think.

—o—

Miss Altman: "Indians usually get their tribal name from some personal trait."

John Ott: "Then the Blackfoot Indians must have dirty feet."

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Dear Editor:

I am a girl, very young, and am in love with a boy slightly my elder. I am not so sure that he loves me. He is very popular. It's Hank this and Hank that. Please advise me.

Eloise Herzog.

Eloise:

Why don't you ask him? 'Tis leap year, you know. Do this following thing, if he says he does not, and I assure you that he will change his mind and love you immediately. Feed him an "Oh Henry" while you talk to him. Men always have a good humor when they eat. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Sympathetically,
Editor.

Dear Editor:

A certain golden-haired girl is very much devoted to me while I am deeply in love with a brunette. How shall I disencumber myself of her?

Harold Thompson.

Dear Friend:

That's simple—be a toastmaster and pull a lot of unusual jokes. She'll can you very sweetly. Get me?

Good naturedly,
Lovelorn herself.

Dear Love Editor:

Whoever you are, I am desperately in love with you. I am a boy with great athletic ability, tho' Mr. Kinsey has not discovered it. I am sweet sixteen and never been kissed except when I played Post Office once with Clara Thorn and Mable Lahm. How can I see you?

Desperately,
"Cotton" Kiracofe

Mr. "Cotton":

Your name is perhaps your greatest handicap. Remove that awful "handle", forget the kissing part, and write to me again by all means!

Sincerely,
Lovelorn.

Dear Mister Editor:

I am a Freshmen who are seventeen years old. I admire quite dearly a girl of the fair species, but I am not sure if she has honorable attentions (or is it intentions?), because she has nineteen credits. I heard of you as a solver of difficult solutions and so conjure you to insist me in my great infliction of mind. Please find inside a two-cent stamp (Harding) for return address.

Yours unbalancedly,
Glenn Hummer.

Dear Miserable Friend:

As you requested in your letter, we are returning the address. Wishing much success in your "intentions."

We remain,
Lovelorn
and
Loveliest.

Dear Editor:

When she is near the sun shines, the birds sing and nature is in her brightest hues, but when she is long out of my presence, the stars go out, the moon ceases to shine and all is desolation. Please tell me how to ward off these attacks of despair.

Cassius Keller.

Dear Cassius:

Try "Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy" Cassius.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

The girls won't allow me any peace! I wouldn't object but I have a fiancee in Tipton. What shall I do?

W. H. Kinsey.

Dear Coach:

Don't be alarmed, they act that way with every new coach, and besides they will get back to normalcy within a year or two. Why not pick out one at Huntington and make her your own anyway, we have some mighty nice girls and Tipton is a long way off.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

There is a boy in High School with whom I am very deeply in love. I am a very good talker, but that doesn't seem to help me any. I am fairly good looking. I have red hair but I don't think that should be any objection do you? Should I try and talk him into submissiveness?

Velma Van Dine.

Dear Miss Van Dine:

Boys are very careful about girls having red hair. Perhaps a good talker isn't always desired, especially when a full moon is out and the back porch is close by. Generally the boy is the one who puts the girl into a state of mind called "submissiveness". But why not try some fellow at Peru? They tell me they are especially susceptible to good talkers.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

I am deeply in love with a Sophomore boy who drives a "Nash". Please tell me how I can win his love.

Mary Ehresman.

Dear Miss Ehresman:

Step light on his cash, and maybe you'll win the boy with the "Nash".

Editor.

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Dear Editor:

I am a young teacher dwelling on the top of a hill. My gentleman friend called one evening, and his car ran down the hill. What can we do with the car after this? Leave it at home or go riding?

Cleon Bloom.

Dear Miss Bloom:

Your difficulty is not at all as bad as it seems. Have your lover trade his car for one with four wheel brakes, if this does not prove to be sufficient to prevent the straying tendencies of his car on the hill where you live, have him place his derby as a chuck under one of the rear wheels. Of course the derby might be slightly damaged but that would not be as exasperating as walking to the bottom of the hill after the car every night. But why go to these precautions, go out riding in the car if your lover has the money to buy gas, have him set the speedometer back to zero, and then let him see how far he can go with you before he gets back.

Yours for success,
The Obliging Editor.

Dear Editor:

I am a senior boy and will graduate this year. I am deeply infatuated with a little Freshman girl. I would like to become better acquainted with her but due to my inexperience in these matters I do not know how to approach her. Should I try cave man tactics?

Mark Smith.

Dear Mark:

Heavens no! These Freshmen are timid enough don't try any rough stuff with them. Purchase a pair of cat's-paw slippers, throw up a smoke screen and approach her unobserved, gently whisper in her ear your gentle amorous words of infatuation and she will be certain to turn you down, just as she should do. These Freshmen are not as green as we sometimes think, and trust her to know love from infatuation.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

I am deeply in love with a nice little girl, but do not know how to get into her good graces. She is very good looking and has the cutest bobbed hair. Please tell me how to succeed in this problem.

Austin Schell.

Dear Austin:

Don't try to get into her good graces, they'll prove to be worse than they look. As to her being good looking and having bobbed hair, why Austin that is a vague description, for all the girls I know are good looking and nearly all have bobbed hair. Perhaps you meant it to be vague, but Austin you know as Shakespeare says "Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift" and in order to help you out you must be frank with me. Hoping to hear from you soon concerning these details I remain,

Lovelorn.

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APRIL

1. Mr. Byers announces that all are to drop their fifth period subjects and that from now on the High School will attend the matinees in a body. April Fool!
2. Vacation.
3. Vacation. Meanwhile—Annabelle Cain, Jane Barnishel, Opal Shipley, and Nondas Rudig have their locks shorn.
4. The Sunshine girls were all dressed up as they should be tonight. Hair ribbons, short dresses, half socks, 'n' everything. In other words, there was a kid party.
5. All those who were at the Sunshine party stayed in bed today. Too much Leap Frog, I guess!
6. Heard everywhere—"Where has the vacation gone? Oh, I hate to go back" and buzz, buzz, buzz!
7. Monday morning after spring vacation is oh, so—We'll let you express yourself as you wish.
8. Epidemic breaks out, but maybe we'll all recover. The doctors and Mrs. Sale pronounce it Springus Feverorum.
9. The basket ball team get their sweaters. The best yet!
10. The fellows have all quit smiling. Reason: the girls are hunting dates for the Leap Year Banquet.
11. Pansy Lett—"You know I get as many as twenty or thirty calls a day."
    Dorothy Peters—"All admirers, I suppose."
    Pansy— "No, wrong numbers."
12. Red and Black are the favorite colors of a select few. They earned the distinction, though.
13. What next? The sheiking youngsters were seen today with their papas' walking canes.
14. Seen on the bulletin board: "Exposure to spring moonlights may cause the loss of high school and Hi-Y pins.
15. Logan Lehman, (scratching his head)—"O, I have an idea."
    Mr. Murray—"Boy, boy, be careful with the little stranger."
16. Report cards. Of course everyone is delighted with his grades. The teachers do grade high, etc., etc.
17. The unexpected does often happen. If you don't believe it look at the Honor Roll.
18. Good Friday program in the auditorium. No school in the P. M.
19. Fan—"Did the baseball hit you in the face?"
    Fanned—"No. I had my mouth open."
20. Easter Sunday.
21. At last our woman hater has fallen! Mr. Suter has accepted a date for the Leap Year Banquet.
24. Tomorrow the big day arrives. All the girls have earned their dollars and got their dates (?).
25. Arbor Day celebration. Several trees are planted.
26. Leap Year Banquet last night. Biggest event the Sunshine Society ever pulled.
27. House-cleaning time is here.
28. We just heard today that Miss Weiford asked a third-floor teacher for a date for the Leap Year Banquet but was graciously refused. We know how it goes!
30. Bring on the May flowers. The April showers are over.

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Father: "Lowell, run out and see if it's still raining."
Lowell W.: "Oh, I,m so tired, call in the dog and feel if he's wet."

———o———

Mike Finn—"You certainly are crazy about women."
Art Palmer—"Why shouldn't I be? Half of my parents were women."

———o———

Mr. Byers—"I'll give you just one day to hand in that paper."
Paul M.—"All right. How about the fourth of July?"

———o———

Doris T.—I've got a compliment for you.
Bill N.—Well, what is it?
Doris T.—Somebody told me that you had acute indigestion.

———o———

Tom W.—I'd like to see something cheap: in a felt hat.
Clerk—Try this on. The mirror is at your left.

———o———

Jeannette S.—"So Herbert proposed to you on a post card; did you accept?"

Erma B.—"No, do you think I'd marry a man who didn't care two cents for me?"

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Huntington, Ind.

He in front of her parents)—Here son, take this quarter and go see the Sheik.

Buttermilk—If it's all the same to you. I'd just as soon stay here and watch you and sister, after mamma and papa goes to bed.

———o———

Huston S.—I have a chance for the track team.
Herb N.—Why, are they going to raffle it off?

———o———

Lowell W.—"Every time I have an argument with Eunice I enter it in a small diary."
Bus R.—"Ah—I see. You keep a little scrap book."

———o———

Joe H.—"You say you flunked in French? Why, I can't understand it."
Hayden H.—"Same here. That's why I flunked."
She—"Hello."
He—"Hello. Est ne Maria?"
She—"Est"
"He—"Mene adhuc amas?"
She—"Te amo. Quis est?"

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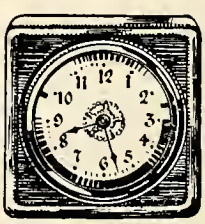

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Remains of Tournament
was----
Austin
Coon's
Lisbeth
3÷3=0
boys---
Lucky Dog!
Jazzmania!
Specs
Smiles!
Gosh!!-
Watch smoke!

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NO.—2—Get a marriage license;
NO.—3—THEN GET A HOME;
NO.—4—For the LAST, see—

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HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

K. R. Wolf, Sr.—"Maurice what for you go up der stairs two at a time."

Maurice—"To safe my shoes fadder."

K. R.—"Dot's right my son. But look oudt you don't splitty your pandts."

———o———

Neil Kindey—" It wouldn't be much trouble for us to marry, my father is a minister you know."

She—"Well, let's have a try at it anywayl—my dad's a lawyer."

———o———

Mr. Byers—"Heard that you are engaged."

Suter—"Yeah—two weeks."

Mr. Byers—"Kissed her yet?"

Suter—"No, but I think I could."

———o———

Merrill R.—"If I stole a kiss would you scream for your parents?"

Dorothy K.—"Not unless you wanted to kiss the whole family."

———o———

Kinsey—"Not a bad looking car you have there, Suter, what is the most you ever got out of it?"

Suter—"Six times in one mile."

———o———

Eugene F.—"What do you think about?"

Jeannette S.—"Nothing at all."

Eugene—"Don't you ever think of me?"

Jeannette—"All the time."

———o———

Miss Koch—"Your recitation reminds me of Quebec."

Lawrence W.—"How come?"

Miss Koch—"Built on a bluff."

———o———

Mrs. Poinieer—"I am surprised at you not knowing the date of Columbus' discovery of America. It's right at the head of the chapter."

Thomas W.—"I'm sorry. I thought it was his telephone number."

———o———

Helen H.—Last week Neil sent me candy, saying "Sweets to the sweet."

Josephine N.—A pretty sentiment. What of it?

Helen H.—But now he sends me an Ivory hair brush.

———o———

Opal S.—"No' Rudolph, mother objects to your turning down the lights."

Rudolph N.—"Then on to the movies, dear."

Dale S.—"Did you hear about the man who ran over himself—"
Peg S.—"Gracious, no!"
Dale—"——when he couldn't get anyone else to run across the street for him."

———o———

Herbert N.—"How do you like my pictures of an Arabian donkey?"
Mary J.—"Marvellous! You have put so much of yourself into it."

———o———

Mr. Frantz (to pupils loitering in hall)—"Come now, move on. If everybody stood still in one place, how could the others get past?"

———o———

"Who discovered America?"
"Ohio", replied the little girl."
"No, Columbus discovered America."
"Yes'm Columbus was his first name."

———o———

A watch may have no gender nor sex, nor ever race; yet you will nearly always find a woman in the case.

———o———

Huston S.—"Who's that girl that hangs around Marion R.?"
Joe H.—"I don't know, but she's light headed."

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Spring

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the West,
The woods and fields are green again.
The bird sings from its nest.

But gather the flowers while you may
For time is swiftly flying
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow may be dying.

Suns and skies and flowers of spring
Count all the months together—
But love the best the month of spring
April's bright blue gloriuos weather.

—Thelma Ade.

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AN IDEAL EXAMINATION

I What season of the year do we have winter?
II Who was the author of Longfellow's poems?
III What is George Washington's first name?
IV In what city and state is Fort Wayne, Indiana, located?
V Give 100 reasons why we shouldn't have school.

———o———

"If", said the teacher, "you rhyme the facts of history, it will help you to remember them. Let us say for instance:

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
Columbus sailed the ocean blue."

"That will help you to remember the date of the discovery of America."

Next day the teacher asked "Ed, when did Columbus discover America?"

Ed was thoughtful for amoment, then he chanted triumphantly:

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-three,
Columbus sailed the dark blue sea."

———o———

Professor (in zoology)—"What insect lives on the least food?"
Bright pupil—"The moth. It eats holes."

———o———

"Jimmy, I want you to sit down in front," said the teacher.
"I can't," said Jimmy, "I ain't built that way."

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Mrs. Sayler—(giving test) "Dale sit down and take this test or leave the room."

Dale S.—"I might as well for all I know."

—————o—————

Miss Cox—"Who was the author of "Brier Rabbit"?

————? "The Tar Baby."

—————o—————

My bonnie bent over the gas tank
The contents he wished to see,
A match he did light to assist him
Oh bring back my bonnie to me.

—————o—————

Herbert N. (In Public Speaking)—I think that the surplus taxes should be given as a bonus to our brave heroes who lost their lives in the terrible war.

—————o—————

Miss Moore—Was Queen Elizabeth pretty?

Dorothy W.—I don't know, I never saw her.

—————o—————

Neil C. (talking about the basket ball team)—"Now, there's Smith. In a few weeks he'll be our best man."

Helen H.—"Oh! What a nice way to ask me."

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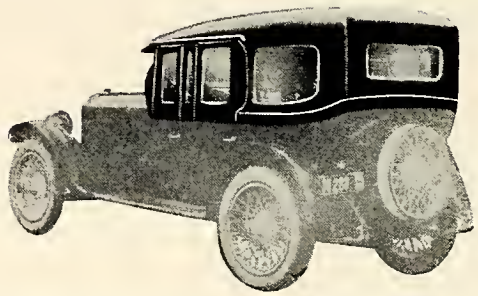

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Dentist

A DISSERTATION ON BOBBED HAIR

We are existing in an era of bobbed hair. The revolutionary cry of young and old is "Bob or Burst." You may all rest assured that none of them are doing any bursting, leastwhile, not while the barbers can yet shake a wicked wrist. To the merry tune of the snipping shears, various colored switches and trains trip their way merrily to the wig manufacturies, and the resulting surplus of hair is so great that we will soon be sitting on settees, ottomans and expensive couches, stuffed with the beautiful bobbed tresses.

The very thought of an Egyptian woman, living more than two thousand years ago, started the fad is exasperating in the extreme. The worst of the matter is, that this woman died two thousand years ago, leaving only her mummified body to wreak vengeance upon, hence the reason that we men rail and tear our few remaining hairs out. That woman was King Tut's wife. The men of today feel a little darker cloud over their heads. What if the next resurrected Pharaoh's wife has no hair at all, for some unaccountable reason? We already see every barber becoming a millionaire. Yesterday, as we walked down the main thoroughfare of Huntington, we saw women with long beautiful tresses, women that Huntington could be proud of. Today as we stroll down our boulevards, we see sister with a "King Tut" bob, mother with a plain bob, grandma with a shingle, and great-grandma with a delightful combination of all three. And it makes them all look so young, that half of the young men of today are flirting with octogenarians.

Treating the more serious side of the matter, we find that this is true: that the older female sex are transforming themselves into a race of flapping flappers, and will soon become the objects of the ridicule of women of foreign lands. America will be noted for its flappers and zippers; moreover, scientists proclaim a race of bald-headed women, as a result of the craze. Stringent measures should be taken by the national and state governments, prohibiting any woman with bobbed hair from securing employment anywhere, and if this does not prove an effective remedy, why not give the Ku Klux Klan a try at it? If this fad is not stopped, the American man will be forced to emigrate to Africa or the North Pole. Here's hoping the wig factories go out of business!

Kenneth Keller.

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DONALD AND HIS

Donald was one of those fellows who was just real handsome and always looked just so. His clothing was the neatest and latest type and was pressed as slickly as it could be. He had the most bewitching black eyes and used them to the best advantage. His black wavy hair was significant of much recent combing. In fact, he was just a bashful, fun-loving easy-going boy. On one hand sparkled a diamond set in platinum, while on the other was his High School Senior ring.

Donald's father had died when Donald was a very small boy but had left Mrs. Kenyon and her small son in very good financial circumstances. Mrs. Kenyon had many servants in her home but nevertheless she had many domestic affairs to attend to. Donald lived with his mother in their home of luxury in Lansing, Michigan. Mrs. Kenyon had always wished that Donald would get married and relieve her of her domestic affairs, so she, once being free, could go on that long-thought-of visit to see her aunt and uncle. Mrs. Kenyon had reared her son as a gentleman and had taught him to love and reverence all womankind. In his youth she had seen him playing with the little girls of the neighborhood and although each of them claimed him as her "feller" he never showed any preference.

As Donald grew older he was timid and bashful. His mother gave dinner parties for him and he was one of our "society dudes" and an idol of the girl basket ball fans, but he never became fond of the fair sex. He was usually persuaded into company by his cousins, Mary and Pauline, and he would escort them to the parties. Although the girls came home with their friends, Donald was never seen to bring any other girl home.

For years Mrs. Kenyon had wished for a daughter-in-law and had she only known it, Donald was at that moment kneeling in front of Julia Creviston, the most prominent girl in the social set of Lansing. There was a pleading look in those eyes. He watched her face almost breathlessly. Tears came to his eyes, he blushed, turned white, and blushed again. Miss Creviston rose and spoke carelessly, "I guess I'll take them." He arose, picked up the galoshes and proceeded to wrap them up.

Delsie Johnson.

———————o———————

SO SAYETH CAESAR

All Huntington High School is divided into four parts, one of which Seniors inhabit, another the Juniors, another the Sophomores, and they who in their language are called Freshmen, in ours, Freshies, inhabit the fourth part. All these differ from each other in language, customs, and laws. The Freshies are separated from the Sophomores by a summer vacation; the Juniors from the Seniors by the rivers of Knowledge. Of all these the Seniors are the most respected, because they are the nearest to the culture and civilization of the world. (All this we learn from the first chapter of Caesar. Look it up.)

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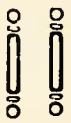

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THE HIGH SCHOOL MOUSE

"Wow!" I said as I just escaped being stepped on by Jim, the man with the brush. And he went on, not even noticing a person of such importance as myself. So I hurried on and stopped to look in room 101. There I saw Miss Etter asking some timid Freshie to decline "bite", and he asked "What person?" When she saw me she uttered a faint shriek of agony. This outburst made me nervous, so I scampered on to Mrs. Poinier's room and I heard her ask Margaret Bee— somebody if she had contracted the splinter from scratching her head. I thought it such a funny joke that I laughed right out loud, and then the teacher knitted her brows, iike the black-eyed lady does in a book called "A Tail of Too Towns". When she heard me she started with a dash for the door.

Believe me I sure needed a rest after we had revised the Marathon Race over the school, and around the Washington Square on the second floor. I looked across the hall and thought I saw a little, short, fat man making love to—(I'd hate to tell you, but I think it was the marble-faced Mercury). Please keep this a secret.

Just then a bell rang and lots of bright faces crept from the barred doors, as if they were glad to escape their grimy fate. Then Clarence Roe and Martha Hollow-bird were talking about sitting in the dark, and he said that he always wanted to sit in the bright lights, because you never can tell what you are liable to sit beside in the dark. Just then another bell rang, and I saw John Somebody and Lethis Motes trying to get into the same door at the same time.—Pity the people who didn't have ear-mittens, for it sounded like a one-piece band, accompanied by several squeeky saxophones, all doing their best at playing "Snakes' Hips" with lots of oil in the wrong place.

Everything being quite quiet, I walked up past Mr. Day's room and here I paused to hear a little family debate on dieting. I heard Kate Stults say that she had the same supper that her father had. I walked over to Miss Ewing's room and she put a lot of funny or rather crazy curves and dots on the blackboard, and she said that it was a question in shorthand. Then she asked Marion Ryan to read and answer the puzzle. He said that she was the only one that could answer such a personal question concerning the reported engagement of herself and the new coach. I heard Mr. Suter say that the reason Velma Van Dine had red hair was because when she was little she had an attack of scarlet fever and it settled in her head. In another room sat Mr. Kinsey, trying to make a nut and screw magnet to put on the goal to draw the basket ball up through the net. This invention was to be used to win a battle over Warren.

Then Miss Cox told some news reporters for the Modulus of her thrilling and hair-raising experiences in Spain as a great fighter.

I peeked in room 306 and saw the Modulus editors, and their prize crew all gazing in mirrors at themselves, looking for a perfectly new joke. I think it would be advisable for me to go back to my hole and let somebody else tell something on somebody else.

Achievement

WHAT A SATISFACTION to have accomplished that for which we have striven.

But those who allow themselves to remain satisfied with one victory must surely be made of "poor stuff."

So go on, and on—there are yet new fields to conquer.

We, at the U. B. Publishing Establishment, will not be satisfied until we have attained that final goal--"perfection."

For you, we are constantly working toward that end, and try to make each piece of work superior to the one before it.

Corner Warren & Franklin **Huntington, Indiana**

TRAGEDY OF TEACHERS' NAMES

A Sayler and Poinier of Frantz by the name of Kinsey set Sayle for Huntington, where he decided to make his home. Here he threw a kiss at Annie Koch but when he failed to do it any Moore she grew so angry until she was Stemen, for one kiss didn't Suter. Annie sued him and when policeman Mahoney made the arrest it proved quite a Shock to Kinsey. Patrolman Mahoney placed the poor Mann in a Cage until the Day of his trial when he was put before Judge Byers in the court of St. Michael. Prosecutor Murray put the case before the jury members, Miss Hoffman, Miss Dunathan, Mrs. McCrum, Miss Ewing, Miss Altman, Miss Kline, Miss Burnside, Miss Gray, Mrs. Branyan, Miss Weiford, Miss Nagel and Mrs. Potts. The lady jury however decided for the male sex and their decision was because he had not Etter.

———o———

Miss Clarke—"I suppose you never thought seriously of marrying?"
Mr. Kinsey—"Sure I did. So I didn't."

———o———

Bob Wasmuth—"I love a girl like you."
Florence F. (Jealously)—"Who is she?"

———o———

Owner—"Don't you see that sign, 'No fishing on these grounds'?"
Marcellus Lahr—"I am not fishing on the grounds, but in the water."

———o———

Peg Steele—"Has Andy proposed to you yet?"
Dot Shock—"No, but he has an engagement ring in his voice."

———o———

Miss Altman—"Are any colors discernible to the touch?'
Edith Heck—"I have often felt blue."

———o———

Miss Cage—"It doesn't do any good to scold the janitor about our cold rooms."

Miss Hoffman—"Yes it does. I get all warmed up when I talk to him."

———o———

Budd Scudder—"Lizzie had a fright yesterday. She had a black spider run up her arm."

Wib Shively—"That's nothing; I had a sewing machine run up the seam of my trousers."

———o———

Mr. Michael—"Mr. Mahoney arrived safely. I just received a cablegram from him."

Miss Clark—"Did he have a rough voyage?"
Mr. Michael—"No; his wife didn't go."

———o———

Miss Cage—"Are all flowers popular?"
Jimmy Ball—"No; wall flowers aren't."

DEBATING

(Continued from Page 72)

In addition to debating activity, the school was represented in oratorical contests. Velma Van Dine entered the National Oratorical contest held in Muncie. Merrill Ruble won the silver loving cup in the County Discussion contest. This is the second consecutive time the cup has been won by Huntington, Velma Van Dine having won it last year, making it possible for the school to gain permanent possession of it if it is won next year. Merrill placed second in the District Contest at Wabash.

The year can be counted very successful in forensics, and prospects are bright for a still better season next year.

———o———

GIRLS' PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASSES

(Continued from Page 124)

Snappy Eight, rah-rah-rah!

The Winerbusts:—Bernice Wynn, captain; Madelyn Ulrey, Maybelle Lewis, Jeanette McClintock, Geneva Helvie, Elma Howenstine, Tressia France, Evelyn Hartman, Mary Ambler, Velma Hamline.

Yell

Winerbust is our name,
In Spark Plug is our trust,
When we play the other side,
We either win-er-bust!

Fifth Hour Class

The Old Gang:—Thyra Ade, captain; Dorothy Glosser, Eva Blackburn, Kathryn Kiser, Dorothy Kahn, Martha Lowman, Loretta Sharp, Helen Burkett, Mary Chalmers, June Carr, Gay Shutt, June Christ, Erma Mae Hern.

Yell

Hep, Hep! we've got pep,
Black and White we can fight,
Swing high, swing low,
Yea, Old Gang, let's go!

Fair Players:—Ruth Fair, captain; Marvel Shultz, Martha May, Adeline Eisenhauer, Vera Zent, Mable Fruit, Cecilia Beaubien, Leanore Redding, Inez Hillegas, Mary Ulrich, Gertrude McClellan, Dorothy Bowers, Mary Bailey.

Yell

Go get a go-cart, go get a Ford,
We'll throw the opponents all over-board.

Lucky Thirteen:—Mary Ehresman, captain; Laura Mikesell, Homezell Coolman, Letitia Kenner, Inez Coolman, Catherine Heiney, Mildred Brahs, Margaret Mahoney, Irene Wendall, Margaret Moore, Margaret Hoover, Dorothea Pressel, Kathryn Robb, Mary Evelyn Swihart.

Yell

Rip-saw, hand-saw, buzz-saw, bang!
We belong to the lucky gang.
Are we here?
We hope to tell, and we're goin' to stay
For quite a spell!

Joe's Boys:—Josephine Glenn, captain; Caroline Rose Redrupp, Betty Robertson, Juanita Stewart, Kathryn Rosenberry, Margaret Stresemann, Virginia Scheiber, Dorothy Scheerer, Lucreta Schooley, Lena Johnson,

Yell

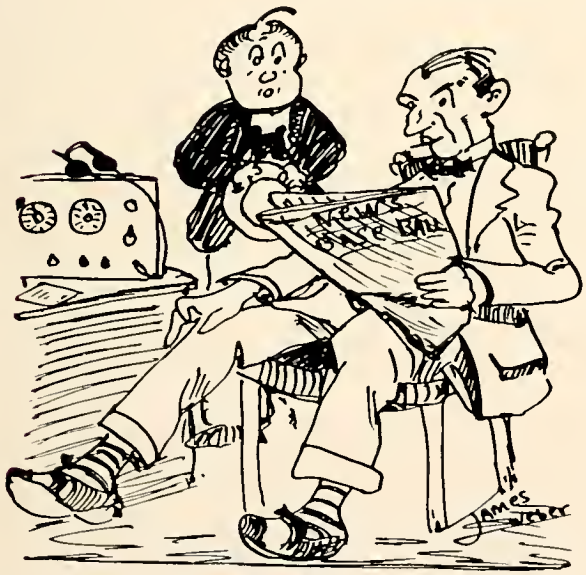
Barney Google, Barney dear,
Go get Spark Plug and help us cheer, 60-70-84,
Guess who we are yelling for,
Blue caps, Blue caps, don't you know?
We're for the best boy,
Who's for the best boy?
We're for the best boy—Joe, Joe, Joe!

———o———

"Is he polite?"

"Say that guy takes off his hat in a 'phone booth before calling central."

———o———



Kinsey — Why were you so late to base ball practice?

Studie K.—I had words with Miss Moore.

Kinsey—Indeed?

Studie — Yes, I couldn't spell 'em.

———o———

Lucile D.—Don't sit there staring at me. Why don't you say something.

Burl T.—Sorry dear. I didn't know it was my turn yet.

———o———

Correct this sentence—"I've gone with her three years now, and I don't think I've spent over Twenty-five dollars on her."

Mr. Byers—How long did you spend on your English?
Mark S.—Nine hours.
Mr. Byers—How was that?
Mark— I put it under my pillow and slept on it.

———————o———————

Miss Ewing—made the remark the other day that she was going to marry a man about five feet tall. A few days later when our new teacher arrived she was heard to say that she was going to marry a man that was about six feet tall. We wonder if it would be possible that these men were two of our prominent teachers? We have them both sizes.

———————o———————

My hair is coming out, (said a man to his doctor), can you give me anything to keep it in?
Well (said the doctor), here's an old pill box, will that do?

———————o———————

Martha M.—Can a person be punished for something he hasn't done?
Miss Hoffman—Of course not.
Martha—Well, I haven't done my geometry.

———————o———————

Mr. Suter suggests getting a sand table for some of our Freshmen boys to play in.

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HUNTINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

and

GETS' SPARK PLUGS

because

They are Both the Best Ever

GETS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Andrews, Ind.

RULES FOR CLASSROOM ETIQUETTE

1. Students are expected to prepare at least one recitation a week.
2. When called upon to recite, talk very quietly—the fellows in the back seat want to sleep even though you do not.
3. It is not considered good form to call upon the principal more than once a month, unless one is strongly advised to do so by another teacher.
4. Pupils are not supposed to fill more than two vacant desks with waste paper at a time.
5. In throwing paper wads and erasers across the room do not hit the wrong person first, hit him the next time.
6. If a pupil wishes to talk to another it is advisable to go to that person's desk when the period starts and remain until it is over so that the pupils may not be disturbed by the walking back and forth.

—o—

Gene Frost—"You look cold. Shall I take off my coat and put it around you?"

Jeanette—"Oh no, don't take it off."

—o—

Miss Cox—"Your report should have been written so that the most ignorant could understand it."

Armond G.—"Which part is it that you don't understand?"

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South Side Drug Store

Erie Drug Store

Miss Cox—Mary, why did Hannibal go over the Alps?

Mary H.—For the same reason that the chicken crossed the road. You don't catch me with no riddle.

———o———

Peachy Heaston—I'm going to ask you a funny question.

Janet J.—You're not going to propose, are you, Peachy?

———o———

Byron R. (at parting)—Will you really miss me now that I am going away?

Mr. Mickley (appearing with Shotgun)—I won't if you don't start in a hurry.

———o———

Marvel S.—I'm constantly breaking into song.

Marion R.—Why don't you get the key, then you wouldn't have to break in.

———o———

Miss Moore—Herbert, how do you spell chagrined?

Herbert—S-h-e g-r-i-n-n-e-d.

———o———

Senior—Do you know Fat Burns?

Freshman—No, I don't.

Senior—Well it does.

"Opportunity Means Nothing to a Man With Empty Pockets"

HOW MANY OF YOU REALIZE THIS? When you do, you will immediately start a Savings Account and bank regularly, a portion of your savings, so that when opportunity comes knocking, it will not find you with empty pockets.

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"You wrote this report of last night's banquet did you?" asked the editor with the copy in his hand.

"Yes sir," replied the reporter.

"And this expression, 'The banquet-table groaned'—do you think that is proper?"

Oh, yes sir! The funny stories the after-dinner speakers told would make any table groan.

———o———

He—"And what, my dear, is your idea of a wonderful career?"

She (ambiguously)—At the present moment Arthur, dear, you might say I am studying Art!

———o———

Mark S.—I call my Sweetie hinges.
Neil C.—Why.
Mark S.—Because she's something to adore.

———o———

Erma—What are you drawing?
Mary J.—A dog.
Erma—But where is his tail?
Mary J.—Oh, that's still in the ink bottle.

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Where your dollar goes
farther

Miss Moore—What did Bunyan give to the world?
(Low voice)—Bunyans.

———o———

Rittgers, Senior—"Ive never seen a report card like this before. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Rittgers, Junior: "Frankly, Dad, I'm not. You promised me ten dollars if I'd bring home a good report. and I thought you'd better economize."

———o———

We are hearing new things all the while; for example, we have lately learned that the plural of solo is duet; that the feminine of drake is duchess; and the feminine of abbot is abscess. Also, we are informed by a student's English notebook that; "Macbeth was a criminal; nevertheless he had his bad habits."

———o———

Fan (arriving late and out of breath)—"What's the score?"
Friend—"Nothing to nothing."
Fan—"Good game, eh?"
Friend—"I don't know; it hasn't started yet."

———o———

Mr. Suter—"We'll take Hydrochloric Acid now."

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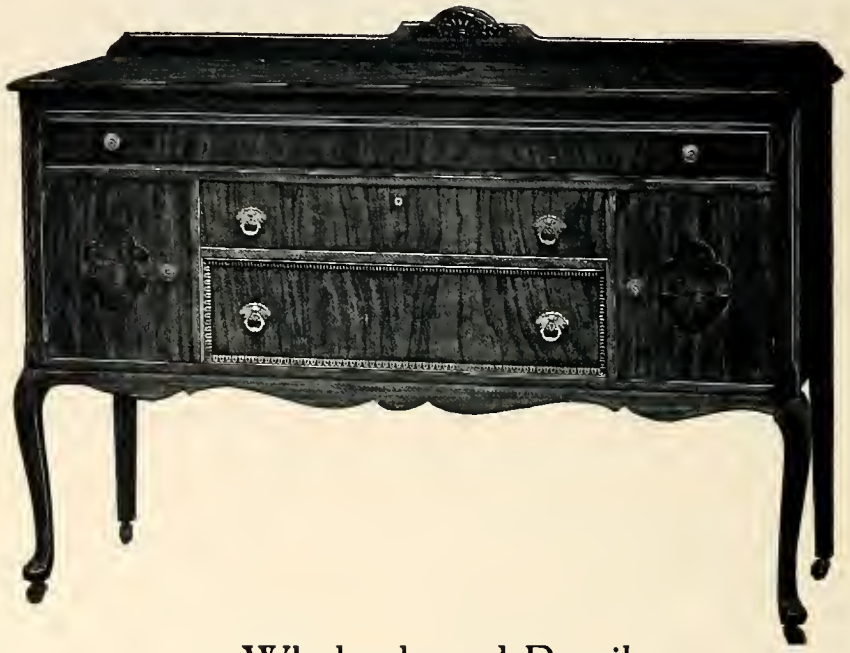

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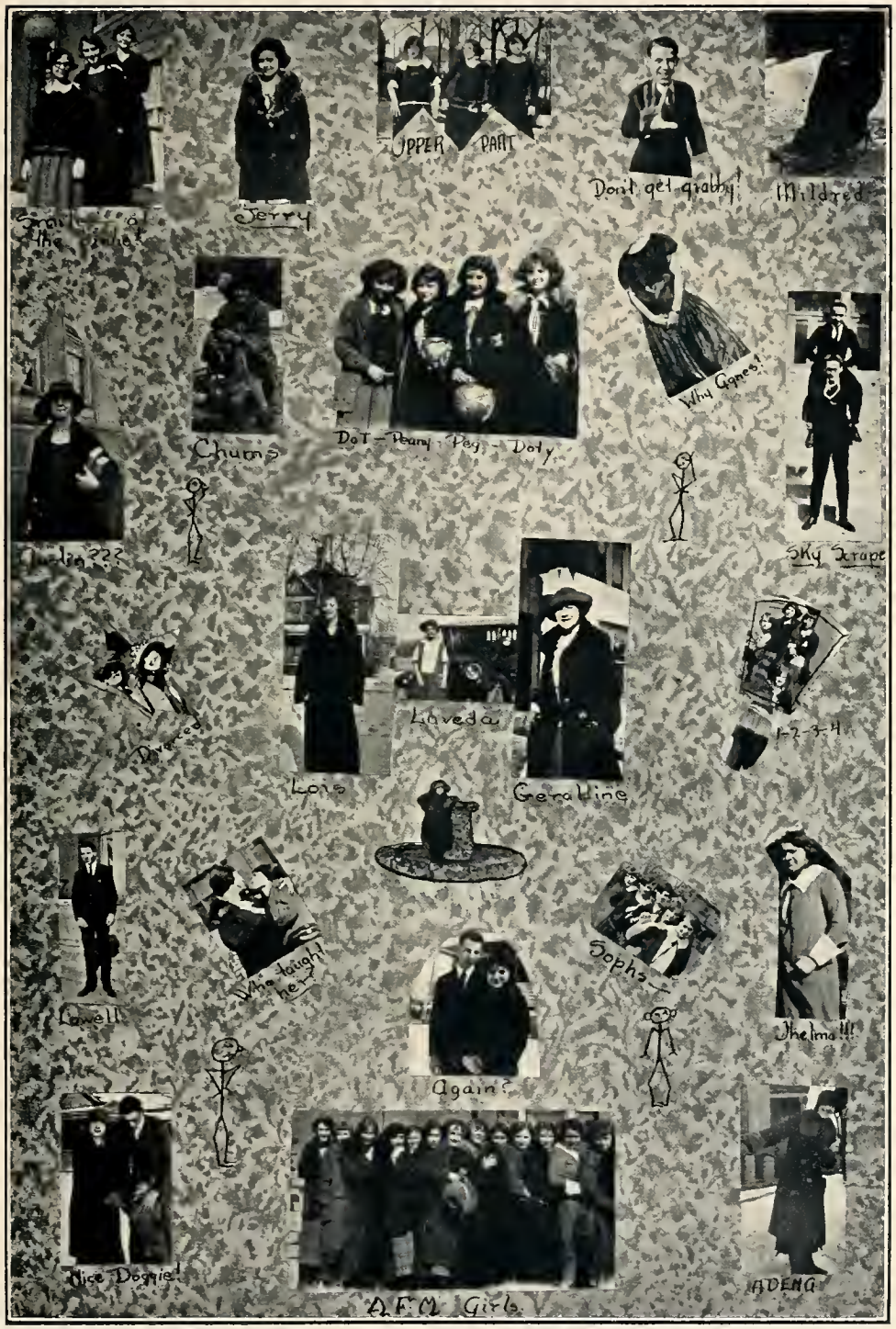
Jerry
UPPER PART
Don't get crabby!
Mildred
Why Agnes!
Sky Scrape
Dot - Peany - Peg - Doty
Lovedia
Geraldine
Sophs
Who taught he?
Lowell
Again?
Thelma!!!
Nice Doggie!
A.F.M. Girls
ADENA

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FLOUR

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Fresh Pumpkin Pie, all the year 'round, and no trouble fixing pumpkins, either.

The finest, biggest Peaches you ever saw in a can.
Have a can in the pantry, ready for "company."

MAY

1. Only four more weeks. Brace up, yet braves!

2. May Festival tonight, given by the girls' gym classes. 'Twas a very pretty affair.

3. The Junior-Senior Reception has already passed through the realm of possibility and probability. Now it has entered the realm of anticipation. The committees are chosen and everything is moving.

4. These May Sunday nights certainly change one's ideas about life.

5. Mike Finn told the French class today that Aesops was a Russian red.

6. Dan Cupid informs us that the latest case is between Dorothy Grossman and Hayden Harlow.

7. Wanted a girl to take the Hi-Y Banquet. Answer in person to Arthur Scudder.

9. This is the new Freshman yell:—
   Rah, rah, rah!
   Ma, Ma, Ma!
   Help!

10. "It's all in the way you take it", said the pick-pocket.

11. Austin Schell: "See that girl over there? She's a live wire."
    Cotton Kiracofe: "Introduce me, please. I want to be shocked."

12. Mrs. Poinicer: "They vote by eyes and nose". (Ayes and nayes).

13. Some of the fellows in the science classes have discovered that speeding is a crime. Their discovery meant ten dollars and costs.

14. Miss Cox: "What is the Liberty Bell?"
    Fred Carey: "The one at 3:40"

15. Hi-Y Banquet. The best affair they have ever had. Grand eats and pretty decorations.

16. Miss Hoffman: "If you had a greenback (referring to currency of course) could you take it to Washington and exchange it for silver?" Wow!

17. John Ott: "You know his auto ran up a tree going fifty miles an hour." Some tree!

18. Baccalaureate service tonight. Both the address and the music were unusually good.

19. Doesn't it seem queer to have all those important Seniors out of school?

20. Junior-Senior Reception. One of the best receptions ever held. The Juniors have won a name for themselves.

21. A new motto for coins has been suggested: "Abide With Me".

22. Today ends the work of the term, we are sorry to state (?). And yet everyone rather hates to leave.

23. Commencement. Farewell, Seniors. We have come to the parting of the ways.

Bowers, Feightner & Bowers

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FINAL REPORT OF THE MODULUS STAFF

Since there has been so much wonder among the H. H. S. pupils as to what becomes of the surplus funds of the Modulus Dep,t., we wish to give the following report and clear ourselves of any imputation of graft:

Editors' Salaries	$18,997.58
Staff Parties (Neil Crull in charge)	1,647.31
Detectives (To discover new jokes)	525.00
Flowers (Editor to Editress)	168.72
Chewing gum and other necessities, (For Editors and Paul Morse).	50.00
Toys (To amuse Bus Rittgers)	13.13
Loss (Due to hole in Nellie's purse)	85.23
Engraving	2.25
Printing	3.75
Photography	1.00
Total	$21,520.97

—o—

Kenneth Scott—I say, Gossy, have you heard about the poor man who swallowed a spoon?

Everet Gos.—No, what about him?

Kenneth—Why, he can't stir.

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